

Liverpool Aug 30-1857

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Journal
As Kept By H. C. Haley
On board Ship W. Larabee of Bath
Capt Isaac C. M. Commander

Twice on the morning of the 18th of May 1857 - that I bade farewell to friends and home to try my fortune on the rough tempestuous Ocean - I shall ever remember the day, for to me it was a day of joyful expectations on the one hand - and sadness and regret on the other - pleasant in looking forward to the bright prospects in store for me in the future - and sorrowful in leaving kind friends and a home that I had never before been absent from more than three weeks at a time in my life.

It was a most lovely Spring morning - the Sun shone in his most gorgeous splendor - the horizon was clear and unobscured by a single cloud - The birds were hopping merrily from bough to bough - and carolling forth their most cheerful songs - The grass was springing up all around each little sunny knoll and glen and the trees and shrubbery were unfolding their tender

verdure to the ^{benial} gentle warmth of the coming summer =
 All nature seemed joyous and glad some without - but
 my heart within was sad and dreary - Still I felt happy
 in the thought that I should visit foreign Countries = view
 new scenes and places of note = wonders of nature and works of
 art - which I had read so much about = and longed so
 much to see = And sad to part with Parents, Sisters, and
 Friends = and the Cottage that had sheltered my head from
 childhood = all! all! I must bid adieu = not to meet or see
 again - For months = perhaps for years = and not unlikely
 forever - We seated ourselves around our morning repast in
 silence - each one seemingly communing with their own thoughts
 all of us thinking that perhaps it might be the last meal we
 should ever partake of together - I felt very sad and
 lonely at heart, but assumed as much cheerfulness as I
 could - to lighten their grief and make our parting as
 pleasant as possible - But I could tell by the stragling
 tear that occasionally trickled down my Mother's cheek
 that Her soul was burdened by a heavy load - At length
 the silence was broken by Mother - who said it seemed hard
 - very hard - to part with Me an only Son - whom She al-
 -most idolised - one whom She had hoped would be Her
 solace and support ~~to her~~ in her old age = but of this She

must be deprived = She then gave me many kind words of admonition = and hoped that heaven might prosper all my undertakings = and watch over me with a Parents care = This pierced me to the very soul = I could part with all the rest without a tear = but to bid a good bye to Mother = in whose bosom I had nestled in infancy = who had watched over my childhood's tender years = and soothed all my little cares and sorrows = with her fond caresses as only a mother can ~~do~~ = to her I could not say adieu without causing the tears to moisten my eyes although I controled my emotion untill I was started from beneath the humble roof = I took one long and affectionate look at the old homestead = and soon home was lost to me = I bled farewell to each friend I chanced to meet in going to the Depot = and jumping on board the Cars was soon in Bath = where I made my way to the Ship to dispose of my sea tog = After attending to that = I went through the usual preliminaries of getting my Protection = signing the Ships Articles = &c = &c = and by noon found my self snugly on board in my Official capacity of Steward =

I was what sailors term a green Land Luber = for I knew no more about a Ship than a Parson

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Does about poor living = I had scarcely ever been on
board of a ship before = and knew no more about making
Pies and Cakes and the like = than I did about the inhabitants
of the moon = But I was soon put to rights by the Cook (A
fine little fellow about my own age who had been both Cook
and Steward on previous voyages) who soon showed me what
I had to do = and how to do it = We lay at the Wharf until
Friday the 22 day of May before we got ready for sea = We left
the Wharf at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 O'clock A.M. and were towed down
to the mouth of the river = but the wind being unfavourable
we did not sail until the next morning at 4 O'clock A.M.
Just after we had hauled into the stream at Bath = and
were beginning to move slowly down the river = some one came
and said the Steward was wanted on the wharf = when going
out and looking over the bulwark = who should I see but my
Brother in Law = Rideout = who happened to have business in
Bath on that day = and had called down to the ship to bid
me a good bye = He was too late to extend the parting hand
but not too late to say good bye and wish me a prosperous
voyage = ~~He~~ was the last friend seen before leaving =

The day before we sailed Mr. Moses, one of the
owners, was on board looking round = when coming into
the Pantry where I was at work = He made some talk with

me, and asked my reasons for going to sea - after I had given them He wished me success - and chatted a little while with me - then turning to the Captain, He remarked that He had the best looking Cook and Steward that He ever saw on board a Ship - He said He did not know as we were good for anything - but we looked well)

I will mention another incident which now occurs to me - and which had nearly slipped my mind - On Wednesday before we sailed on Friday - Will my Confident - and Sarah and Mary (our old Quartette Singers) came on board that afternoon to pay me a parting visit - (and as we did not cook any untill after we sailed) I had nearly all the ^{day} to spend as was most agreeable - The Captⁿ was on board and shed us all over the vessel - While we were down between Decks we sung a Quartett Entitled (Soft Glides the Sea) - which pleased the Captain very much - Then we went into the Cabin and passed the afternoon in singing - laughing - talking over times past and present - and enjoying ourselves as best we could - and wishing to make the day as long as possible - it was arranged for me to call up to their friends where they were staying and spend the evening - which after supper was over - I primped up and went according to agreement.

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We passed a very pleasant evening - and together - and at a late hour I returned to the Ship - It had been raining considerable during the evening - and was so dark - that you could see nothing - but had to get along as best you could - by instinct and the sense of feeling - I got along after a fashion - untill going up the Ladder placed against the Ship - I came very near being killed - I had got quite to the top when the Ladder began to crack and move from beneath my feet - I made a grab in the dark and was lucky enough to catch hold of a rope and save myself from falling - while the Ladder fell down on the Wharf with a crash - which in the dark if I had have gone with it - must have injured me severely if not fatally - The tide had fallen and the top of the Ladder had caught under the Bulwark - breaking it off about three feet from the top - so that it had nothing to support it - I considered this quite a lucky escape - but to return

At 4⁰⁰ O'clock the wind being fair sail was made on the Ship - and we were soon out on the rolling foaming billows - The Ship was in ballast - bound for St Johns N.B. - Chartered to take a load of Deal from thence to Liverpool - England - I had expected to have

been very seasick - but was happily disappointed - The
 Sea was smooth and the wind light which was greatly in my
 favor - and as good fortune would have it - I was
 not so much indisposed - but that I kept about my work
 - for a couple of hours - I felt a little nausea, but by
 noon it had all passed away - and I felt in the best
 of spirits - We had two Gentlemen Passengers on board -
 Capt. Larabee of Brunswick (who the Ship is named
 after - and Mr Randall the Builder. they went down to St.
 Johns for the sail - and to have a good time - as they were
 jolly good fellows it helped make the time pass away
 very pleasantly - It was a new thing - to me - and the weather
 being very fine I enjoyed it very much - We arrived in St.
 Johns on Monday morning the 25th and was towed up
 to our berth in the stream - not being able to obtain one
 in Dock - there not being Dock accommodations for all the
 Shipping then in Port - I did not fancy laying in the
 Stream as it was very difficult to get on Shore - but as
 there was not much to be seen on Shore of interest it was
 no great disappointment - The City of St Johns is situated
 at the mouth of the river by that name - on its right
 bank - directly opposite on the left bank is situated Cam-
 oltown - and a little farther up is Indian town - These places

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all commonly go by the name of St Johns- and are noted for thier large export of Lumber- There is also an English Garrison here (which give the place some importance) I understood that it was garrisoned by a Regiment of Irish Troops amounting to a thousand men-

Before we were fairly in the harbor the Boarding House runners began to come off in boats - untill the Deck was litterally swarming with them - each one after poor Jack to go on shore and board with them

If they are lucky enough to entice them on shore they keep them a day or two - give them what rum they can drink - and then ship them off on board the first Ship that offers - keeping thier months advance - and in most cases Jack has to pay pretty dear for his sport - but He does not seem to learn any lesson from this. for the next Port He makes (he goes and does likewise)

As soon as the Ship was moored, and the sails furled - the Sailors all left but one (by the name Sam) and he ran away in about a week from that time - It is customary in Port to keep what is called an Anchor watch where each Sailor in his turn keeps a lookout of two hours at a time - it was Sam's watch one night at 11 O'clock - when having arranged with one of the runners to come off after him

He left bag and baggage - without calling the next watch or stopping to say good bye - so the Ship was left to watch herself the rest part of the night - This was the last we ever say of Poor Sam - There was now no one on board but the Officers Cook and Steward and five Boys - On Sunday night two weeks after our arrival - I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a great hue and cry on deck - when going out I found there had been thieves on board - One of the Boys was keeping watch at the time - and said some one walking round on deck - but supposed it to be some one belonging to the Ship - and thinking no ill - paid no attention to it - untill he heard a cry from the Forecastle - when running that way he got a glimpse of some one making over the Ships side - and before it could be prevented the rouses got into thier boat and off with thier booty - which consisted of a Monkey Jacket - Trock Coat - vest - and Pants - belonging to a boy by the name of Benks - who had been on Shore that day and having on a good suit - was probably watched by the rouses - who saw what Ship he came on board off.

There was no one went on shore but the Capt untill Friday the 29. of May - when the second Mate proposed that after supper - we should go on shore and take a reconnaissance of the town - So as soon as grub was over the

signal flag was run up for the Boatman (who tended on the Ship) who soon came alongside, and jumping into his Boat we were soon landed on terefirmly safe and sound.

I had never before been out of the limits of my Own happy New England - and now for the first time I trod on foreign Soil -

We traveled round the City, but saw nothing worth mentioning - The City itself looks rather old and dingy - the buildings with few exceptions ~~look~~ are of inferior build - being mostly built of wood - small in size - and many of them in a ruinous and dilapidated condition - The population with Barre town and vicinity is estimated at thirty thousand inhabitants - (rather a large estimate I should think) and composed of - English - French - Scotch - and Irish - about as many of one as the other and I should think (a little more) Barre town and the adjacent towns look more neat and thriving - and have a great many very pleasant situations - but in taking the places together their greatest beauty seems to be in its roughness and sterility - which viewed from the harbor - has quite a picturesque and romantic appearance.

Sunday June 7. I got leave to go on shore to meeting - I had always been in the habit of attending divine worship on the Sabbath and to be deprived of its privileges was the greatest disappointment I experienced - I could feel

perfectly contented ~~on~~ week days - but when Sunday came - the deep tone's bell of the Church going Bell - mellowed by the distance - would come stealing over the water - telling to me a day of rest - the day set apart by God to spend in his service - but to me, it brought the same round of duty - for in my capacity every day is alike - But this day I got the Cook to officiate for me - I attended forenoon services at Trinity Church (Episcopal) near Kings Square - the service was nearly the same as the Episcopal service in the States -

The text was from the twelfth Chap of Pauls Epistle to the Romans - first verse - upon which quite an ordinary sermon was preached from - As to the singing I thought it inferior to what one would expect from the Character of the place to say the least I should have been ashamed of it had it been in the States - Just as meeting was commencing there came marching up into the gallery a company of soldiers who quietly took their seats reserved for them next the wall - after meeting they formed in front of the Church - and marched in file down to their barracks - I intended to have attended Church at some other place of worship in the afternoon - but as the afternoon service did not begin untill 6 O'clock P.M. I was disappointed.

This gave me a chance of visiting the Suspension Bridge built across the river - from St Johns to Carrolltown

a mile and a half up the river. This is a neat well built structure, spanning a deep narrow gulch of perhaps an hundred feet in width. The sides of the chasm in some places are nearly perpendicular and an hundred or more feet high. The water runs very swift over a stoney bed - which gradually widens above the Bridge to quite a broad Bayson - there are two little green Islands in the middle of the stream at the commencement of the rapids when viewed from the high bluff Just above the Bridge the scenery is grand and beautiful and worth seeing.

I went on board at an early hour and did not go on shore but once after that which made three times only that I was on shore in New Brunswick

Friday June 12. We are now nearly loaded. The Stevedore has done his best to finish loading us to day - but has not succeeded - there is one Lighter load more to come off tomorrow morning which will complete our load. There is an Irish Gang Stevedore and all - loading us - and such a hubbub as they keep all the time is enough to stun anyone - they make more noise - hollering and hoorawing in just dropping a small loaded Lighter alongside the Ship than they would in Boston at a 4th July Celebration - Every minute in the day you can

hear the stentorian voice of the Old Stevedore ringing through the ship - singing out (That's it my Lads - poke them in Mooney - well done my Lads -) and such like phrases -

The ship takes out 422. Standard - nearly a million feet.

Saturday 13.

Our Load was complete this forenoon - and at three O'clock P.M. the Steam Tug came alongside and took us in tow out to sea - and took her departure - and we are once more on the boundless Ocean, destined if heaven permits to plough our way across the broad Atlantic - a distance of more than three thousand miles - to our port of destination in the sea Girt Isle of Queen Vicks proud domain -

The noise and bustle of leaving Port - and making sail is now over and all is still and silence reigns around - broken only by the humming of the wind through the rigging - and the rippling waves as they are thrown from the Ship's bows as she ploughs her way through the water - The Sailors were put on board about noon. most of them were partially intoxicated - and in rather purly temper - When They commenced making sail on the Ship - the Sailors began to grumble and find fault with everything, and every body - at length the Mate got provoked and struck one of them with a stick - this was the signal for

a general row - and free fight - there was no more blows struck at the time - although there was high words and threats in abundance used - untill two of them went aft with their complaints to the Captain - who listened to them - and then told them to go forward and behave themselves like men and they should have justice done them - but they would not but seemed bent on having a row - at length one of them made an attempt to strike the Captain - when He knocked them both down and made their Nasal Organs bleed rather freely - when they went forward - went to work - and everything has gone along smoothly since -

We had to beat out of the Bay - and the wind being light we made but little headway up to the 18th when it died away altogether - and for twenty four hours we have had almost a calm - the Ship having stowage way on her part of the time - the other part floating about at her pleasure -

I never saw a scene of such quiet beauty - so surpassingly lovely - as a calm at sea - The Sun is shining forth in dazzling rays of unclouded splendor - and the fathomless vault of heaven is of the most ethereal blue - not a breath of air is wafted over the water - and the sails repose in silent rest beside the towering masts - the sea as far as the eye can stretch - is like a mighty mirror - not the slightest ripple disturbs its polished surface - no sound comes over its peaceful bosom -

and sea and heavens, seem hushed in silent slumber—

On the evening of the 18th a gentle breeze sprung up from the westward and we were soon going on our journey again— Just after dinner to day there were three small whales came alongside and played around the ship— so near at times as almost to touch ~~the vessel~~^{the vessel's} the vessel's side— they kept company with us an hour or more— when one of the boys threw a spike and hit one of them on the head— when they left in a smother of foam— no doubt thinking it rather rude treatment— we also had a visit from a school of Porpoise this afternoon— who seemed as much rejoiced as though they had met an old friend— they jumped and tumbled around in the water— cutting all manner of capers imaginable— They stayed with us a short time and then moved off to the westward—

Our Ship, Officers & Crew

Our Ship is what is called a full built ship— built expressly for the freighting business— Her Tonnage is 1037— tons burden— American measurement— She is built of the best of material— and is a good sea Boat— but rather an ordinary sailor— Capt Isaac Orr— Master— is one of the finest men I ever met— and is liked very much by every one— the workman who loaded the ship in St Johns— said He was

one of the finest men that ever brought a ship into that port - Mr Percy the 1st Mate - is a smart active intelligent sort of a man - ~~He is a man~~ about thirty five years of age - quite reserved in his manners - and not very sociable - and says but little to anyone - He is not much of a sailor - and gives off his commands in a rapid indistinct - guttural sort of manner which is very hard to understand - he is liked pretty well -

Mr Worth the 2^d Mate is a young man - and one of your self conceited persons - one of that description (I. you cant show me anything) sort of fellows - He has a very high opinion of himself and a very poor one of every body else - he is very snug and counts his coppers as an Old woman does her chickens - a great fault finder - and very courageous - if he has a good chance to (run) The Sailors say he dont know much - and call him the Old Farmer - He is disliked by most every one -

The 3^d Mate - Mr Breard - is a Frenchman - a native of Havre, France - he is a very bright intelligent fellow - a fine Scholar - having received a University Education - He speaks five different languages - and is a splendid Penman - His Father was Principal of a University near Havre - and His Uncle was Editor of a paper at the time of the last revolution in France - They espoused the Bourbon cause - and were opposed to the usurpations of Louis Napoleon - upon

the latter's attention to power. they had to flee their country and - went to England - and settled in London - where they now reside - About this time young Breard took a fancy for the sea - which he has followed ever since - He does not take much interest in the affairs of the Ship - and as the old saying is don't seem to care whether school keeps or not - He has an extensive source of information - is very sociable - and I find him a very agreeable companion - The Crew are composed of - Irish - Spanish - English - and Yankees - they are a miserable set of fellows - as need be - two or three of them had just got out of Jail in St Johns - where they had served out a three months sentence, for bad behavior on shore - We have got along quite well so far with them and not much difficulty is anticipated -

June 27. For the past week we have been crossing the great Bank of New Foundland, on its Southern edge - and have had a very intimate acquaintance with the fogs almost always hanging around this portion of the globe - For the past seven days - we have had thick foggy weather without cessation - part of the time it was so thick that you could not see double the length of the Ship -

I awoke this morning before it was time to get up - and lay thinking about its being the fourth - when I got drowsing again - I thought myself down home - in my cosy little bed about half asleep - and half awake - and wondering to myself why I did not hear India Crackers - cracking - and guns firing as usual on such days - but when I woke up again - I soon understood the reason - I wished that I could be at home to spend the fourth with my friends - and while thinking so - I caught myself ~~thinking~~ singing.

O! that I had wings - O! that I had wings

had wings like a dove - How swiftly then I'd fly - far away - far away - To the land where Warren died - Land of the Pilgrims pride - far away -

About ten O'clock there was a dove came and light on the main truck - and remained there till in the afternoon - this seemed an omen of good - sent to cheer us in our absence - it seemed singular to me to see a dove so far at sea - for we were in Lat 47° - deg & $44'$ min. - Nor and Lon - 29° deg - $21'$ ^{min} East - I could not let the day pass without showing my patriotism in some form - So I had for dinner a mammoth Plum Pudding - with raised letters on the dough - which read when served on the table - perfectly plain (July 4th 1857 - also a dish of baked mashed Potatoes - ditto - When they sat down to dinner in the cabin - the Capt. eyed them a moment and then asked

what I had there - I told him it was a sign of the times - and by the quantity which he caused to disappear in an amazing short space of time - I thought he considered them as a pretty substantial sign.

In the afternoon the dove was still in his old place - resting himself for his next lonely, and lengthy flight - when I bethought me of the Indian Custom of loosing a bird over the grave of the dead - and sending them with a message to the departed in the spirit land - So thinking that my friends were just the same as dead to me - I gave him this message to carry to them -

Speed away! Speed away! and make no delay -
Till my friends I shall miss being with to day -

That I think of them oft while borne on the sea

Quite as often I'll warrant - as they think of me -

And if God spares my life - in twelve months from to day
I shall try and be with them - God Speed thee away

The bird remained sitting on his lofty perch for some time apparently repeating over his message until he had got it by heart - then loosing its pinions - he commenced his long and weary journey towards the mainland - I watched its flight until it seemed a mere speck in the horizon - and then went about my little chores - thinking if I could only fly like a bird that I would pop down home some fine morning and pass the time of day - - this night I had a very severe attack

of the blues - not however for the first time - for the most part of the time I was very well contented - but sometimes I would get thinking of my quiet home - its many intimate friends - and pleasant associations - I had left far behind me - this made me feel homesick at times - especially at night -

When Eves sable mantle was spread o'er the ocean.
And daylight had sunk in its far western dome -
I would seek some lone spot, and with heart-felt emotion
Recall the bright scenes of my far distant home -
The Cottage, ^{from childhood} ~~so cherished by me~~ so cherished by me -
The lawn where I played beneath the Old Apple Tree -
The pump by the roadside, where when I was come
Will and I used to sit - when he walked with me home -

And how well I remembered Will's neat little study
With its - Rocking Chair - Table - Melodians and all -
Where we used to spend hours - when 'twas stormy and muddy
Building Castles in air - always destined to fall -
And how fresh to my mind seemed the schoolhouse that stood
On the green grassy plat - just over the road -
Where in childhood I first learned my A B & C -
And played with my schoolmates in innocent glee -

And now I look forth to the time that's to come =
 When I shall revisit my youths early home
 And with friends = may this wish = dwell in each heart
 That through lifes weary round, we shall never more part

Liverpool Harbor July 16th

We took a Pilot yesterday noon when off abreast of ^{St. George's} Wollyhead
 - and a Tow Boat at three O'clock P.M. and reached our
 moorings at 10 O'clock last evening - after a passage of 32
 days - There was nothing transpired worthy of note from
 the 4th inst up to the 12th when we knew by the large
 number of sail in sight that we had entered the
 Channel of St. George. We had a fair wind up, and
 made good way that day and night. - The next day
 the 12th, the morning was thick and foggy - but at about
 10 O'clock A.M. the fog cleared away and looking
 to leeward - we saw the blue Hills of Ireland - rising out
 of their Ocean bed - decked in their summer garb of emerald
 green - and looking in the distance - like some fancy
 painting or faery sketch - more than it did like reality -
 - How my heart beat with joy at beholding again the
 green hills - and sunny slopes of Trefinny - They looked

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so smileingly inviting in the sunshine - that I longed to be clambering up their mossy sides - and have a tumble on the greensward - or peek the summit of some high bluff - and survey the land of Pig and Paddy - I could sit all day long and feast my eyes on the lovely prospect in view - it seemed to make a new person of me - and all day as we sailed along the Irish Coast - I felt as blith and joyous as a bird - That night we made Tuska light - and the next day the Welch Coast - but the wind being light - we did not reach Holyhead (the Pilot Station) untill the morning of the 15th while we were sailing along the English Coast - we were so near that we could command a good view of the land - which seemed to be one immense garden - all laid out in square plots - and looking as fresh and green as a meadow - every inch of ground seemed to be under the highest state of cultivation - even the mountains to their very tops seemed under tillage - We did not get in sight of the City untill after dark - and could see nothing but one continuous row of lights for miles in length - the Docks are all lighted, as also the city, in a very liberal manner - As soon as the ship was safely moored - I turned in - got a good nights rest and arose in the morning bright and early - and by sunrise was out on deck taking

a recognoiscence of the Harbor and vicinity

It was one of the most pleasant of summer mornings - the more so to me - as it was the first one I had enjoyed in port, for more than a month - I thought as I gazed upon the scene - that I had never before beheld so much beauty at any one time in my life - Everything was of a different cast - and seemed to wear a different appearance from anything I had ever before seen -

We lay within a dozen rods of the shore on Burkinghead side - with Liverpool on one side - and Burkinghead on the other - In the harbour (which is large and capacious - lay quietly moored all manner of vessels that ever floated - Manerwarman - Steamships - Sailing vessels - Steamboats - Yatches - Barges - &c - &c - The New Steam Frigate Niagara sent out by the United States Government to lay thier part of the great Atlantic Telegraph - lay moored but a short distance above us - as also the U. S. Frigate Susquehanna - The Royal M. S. Ship Persia of the Cunard line - the largest Iron boat afloat - lay at her moorings - but a few rods from the Ship - and many other noted vessels too numerous to mention - On the opposite side lay Liverpool - whose boasted Docks are the finest in the world - and extend without interruption

along the north bank of the river Mersey - for a distance of between four and five miles - and one solid mass of shipping from one end to the other - To look over the City it has rather a dingy appearance - with here and there some steeple - or large building looming up over the more unassuming part - but its greatest novelty and what is first noticed - is its wind Mills - mounted on some high bluff tower - there were three in view at the time - and one of them was lazily in motion - they looked so quaint and odd - so sort of old fashioned and Countryfied - they reminded me of my Childhood - when I used to read about them - and see them pictured out in my little story Books - - these were the first I had ever seen - The appearance of the City from the harbour is similar to most commercial Cities - numerous steeples - tall Chimnies - and large blocks of buildings meet the eye in the foreground - which as your vision wanders backward - lose their regularity - and gradually become confused in the distance - untill nothing is seen but one unbroken mass of house tops and chimnies - On the opposite side of the river from Liverpool the scenery presents the most striking contrast - as far as you can see up and down the river on this side - it has every appearance of an extensive forest of Maple or Oak trees -

The land is undulating - with gentle slopes - and sunny glades - with here and there some quaint villas peeping out - And in other places a quiet steeple looms up over the tops of the trees - with a small ^{con}gregation of buildings clustering around - and looking in the mellow light of the morning - like some quiet country village - Occasionally the sweet note of some little feathered songster in the distant grove - comes floating on the morning breeze - the braying of an ass - or the clear ringing tones of Chanticleer - welcoming the rising day - comes tinkling on the ear - reminding one of Country life - The river and harbor which was still and quiet - half an hour ago is now all bustling with life -

Ferry boats are plying from shore to shore - Steam Boats and Tug Boats are moving in all directions - with all manner of small craft - scurrying hither & thither every way - all apparently hurrying for dear life - and all is bustle and confusion from one end of the harbor to the other - We shall have to lay here untill the 19th waiting for the high tides before we can dock -

Brunswick Dock Liverpool July 27th

We hauled into our berth in the above mentioned dock on Sunday the 19th ~~of the~~ - and are now nearly discharged - This day - the 19th ~~of the~~ - I for the first time placed my foot upon the haunted soil of old England - this the boasted

land of Conathan Bull = This is the Country that
drove from her Shore's that hardy little bands of pioneers that
gave our now blessed Country its birth and made her what she
is the Pride and Glory of the world = Early next morning (Monday)
Butchers - Shoemakers - Merchants - Tailors - Watchmakers - and all
nameable trades, and occupations ^{came busteling on board} to beave thier card and to
solicit the patronage of the Capt - Crew &c Wash women by dozens
were busteling round after washing - some of them caring more
for the pison than they did for hie clothes - Coblers to get old shoes
and Boots to mend - Refitters after old clothes - old hats and caps -
to clean and fix up - and all the time we lay in dock - Pedlers of
of all descriptions were prowling round - selling thier traps to the sailors -
others with crockery ware - and every nameable article to be thought of
and little boys innumerable were always hanging round the ship - with thier
brush and box - waiting for the word to brush your coat - black your
boots &c - (and all for a penny) - When you go on shore if you are
dressed anyway decent = you cannot scarcely get along for Beggars - Blind
Fiddlers - Organ Grinders - Boot Blacks - &c &c - If there happens to be a
speck of dirt on your boots or shoes - or they dont shine like a mirror
= you will have a crowd of little boot Blacks chasing after you - each
one singing out at the top of his voice = Shine your Boots = Shine Your Boots
= and in order to get clear of them you must plant yourself up against a post
and (be shined) and such a scrabbling as there will be for a few minutes

is amusing - two or three will get around each foot - and push and shove - untill some lucky one gets the advantage - which he is shure to keep - after services are over - you down with your penny and as soon as the Boot Blacks leave - the beggars take you - and so on through the roine of Charrites - and between Cripples - Cruches - and Boot Blacks you dont take much peace on shore - - And when you go into any place of Amusement the first salutation is a glass of four ale or Porter shoved in to your face - Or if you are walking along the street after sundown - every woman and girl - you meet - will ring out in your face - (Come treat me my dear) -

Quite a number of times - very respectable looking - and decent dressed Gentlemen stoped me in the street and asked me to give them a thrippence to buy a glass of Ale - saying that they happened to be out of funds - (I wonder if they got it) Every Man - Woman - and Child here drink their Ale - or Porter - and it is said the common class live entirely on Bread and Beer - never seeing any meat, with but few exceptions - There are a great many poor people here - you will traverse whole streets without meeting a decent looking person - and tenanted by the most miserable - drunken - fighting - disgusting looking set I ever beheld - There are also many fine streets - and many beautiful Buildings - St - Georges Hall - is a Magnificent Structure - situated in a Square by that name - and built of Scotch Granite - Marble and Free Stone - There are some fine publick Gardens here -

worth seeing. There is a Cemetery here called St James's
 Burial Ground - it is near the suburbs and is a most beautiful place
 it is owned by the Aristocracy - Its sight is a very ^{deep} green grassy vale
 with a little silvery brook stealing through its midst - over whose banks
 hang in modest beauty innumerable weeping willows - while here and there
 - a tomb stone - or loftier monument - with thier group of trees and
 Shrubbery clustering around them (partially screening them from view)
 dot the sides of the glen - There seems to linger around the place -
 an air of peaceful repose - such a soft sweetness and holy quiet - you
 will almost imagine yourself in the Spirit Land - silently wending
 your way through ~~the~~ some flowery vale - There are a great many
 interesting sights to be seen here the more so - as every thing is so differ-
 ent from what it is in the States - The Carriages and Coaches which
 they have here - are very odd looking vehicles - I did not see a
 common riding waggon or Shiegh while here - Thier Truck
 Waggons are awful clumsy things - you will see - a little ass
 that you can almost take in your arms - tugging a great waggon
 through the Streets that is big enough for a yoke of Oxen.
 Here Donkeys are used as a common beast of burden -

I do not think the People here dress so gay - or so neat and tidy
 as we do in the States - a Gent will get on a hat that perhaps
 cost a shilling and strut round with it as proud as a Yankee
 would with one that cost ten dollars - They speak a different

dialect to - from that spoken in the States - Here ³¹
Waley with them is Aley - Horse is Oss - Ale is Wale - and
England is Wingland &c &c - I like to hear the Ladies
talk - their conversation has a rustic simplicity about it
that is really pleasing - but we shall have to bid adieu to
Liverpool and go over to the other side of the river to
Burkinghead - where we are to take our Cargo - The Ship
is Chartered by the English Government to take a load of
Coal out to Jamaica -

Burkinghead Dock Aug 15th

On the morning of the 30th of July we hauled out of our
birth in Brunswick Dock (Liverpool) into the Stream
and was towed over the river to Burkinghead Dock (Burkinghead)
The remainder of the day as well as the day after was occupied in
discharging ballast, and ballasting with coal which when finished
the Ship was taken into the Engraving Dock and her bottom painted
and next day we hauled into our birth in Dock and began taking
in our Cargo of Coal in earnest - and now commenced our dis-
comfitures - There was no one on board who had anything to do
with the coal it being done entirely by labourers from on Shore -
but the dust (Oh Murder) - It was every where - The Rail Track
runs the whole length of the Dock - at a distance of fifteen or twenty

32 feet from its edge - Stagings are run from the Cars to the Ship - and the Coal wheeled in Barrows on board and dumped down the Hatches into the Ship's hold - it was this large soft coal and in handling it so roughly it would get broken up a great deal - and the dust would find its way into the Cabin - into the Berths - and everywhere that there was any circulation of air, that would go - turning everything smoky and black - you had to eat it in your vittals - and drink it in your drink - It was very warm weather and the sailors sweat very freely - and every particle of dust that touched them would stick closer than a brother - besmearing their faces so that you could not tell one from another - and sometimes I really thought they had surely turned to brown fide Negroes - The workmen left off work at 6 O'clock - P. M. - when the decks would be swept off - and Dinner got out of the way - and by half past seven we were ready to go on Shore - - Sometimes we would take a strol around Burkinghead - and sometimes take the Ferry Boat to Liverpool - There is an immense travel on these Boats - there is about half a dozen boats flying continually from Shore to Shore - and so densely crowded that you can scarcely get a chance to turn round - They leave the landing Stage on each side of the river - every five minutes from six O'clock in the morning until nine at night - and every quarter

of an hour from nine till twelve - after twelve hourly untill ³³
 six next morning - the fare from six in the morning untill twelve
 at night is only a penny - from that time untill six next morning
 a sixpence - The Village of Burkinghead is not very large
 - and is built of Brick - and mostly in large blocks - which
 are scattered over a large arena - it has a fine market and is
 a neat tidy - and thriving place - Between two and three
 miles above this place is a small Village called Edgogaston -
 and about a mile below is another small Village called Seacomb -
 these are both beautiful quiet little places - Between these
 places the Country is magnificent - it is where the Aristocracy -
 Merchants and Business men of Liverpool reside - They
 go across in the ferry to their places of business in the morning
 and return again at night after the toil and business of the
 day is over to enjoy in quiet retirement the blessings of Country
 life - This beautiful tract of Country is set out with a dense
 growth of all kinds of Shade trees - and abounds in Parks - Lawns
 and Shady Walks - with neatly trimmed hedges skirting their borders
 - All kinds of Aromatic flowers fill the air with their fragrance -
 and clustering vines - and flowing Strawberry growing in the most
 verdant luxuriance greet the eye on every hand - Anything
 that can add to the beauty of the scenery - or adornment of
 the place is lavished with the most bounteous freedom -

34 Here in the depths of this paradisaical forrest-repose
the Stately Mansion: the Vine Clad Cottage = and the dashing
Villia's of thier wealthy owners = you will be threading the
maze of some grass clad lane = lost in admiration in beholding
so much of the beautiful = not dreaming but that you ^{are} in the
midst of some faery grove far removed from any habitation
when all of a sudden you will find yourself on the very door
stone of some Princely Mansion = it being so entirely obscured by
wide spreading trees and clustering vines, as to be invisible until
you are close beside the buildings walls = The above grounds are
mostly private property - but the place does not lack for public
pleasure grounds = there are quite a number of promanade's
grounds here - of more or less attraction = but the largest and
most beautiful of them all is = Burkinghead Park = This
delightful place of resort for pleasure and recreation, enclose's
in its arena I should judge from fifteen to twenty Acres =
and is neatly enclosed - by an even trimmed hathorn hedge =
Its enterence is through a Stone Arched Gateway - when you
find yourself in a wide gravelled walks - which soon brings
you into a shady path = you proceed on up this path a
few rods when you find yourself on the banks of a silvery
stream that courses its way through the ground's with many
an antique winding = This is spaned by a fairy like bridge

with seats and lounges clinging to its sides where the weary
 may rest 'neath the shade of the palisaded roof = This
 christial stream in its merry windings = forms a sort of
 sine-circle = near the centre of the ground = with banks a
 little raised - and plaited with grassy greensord = Its
 waters teem with the choicest varieties from the finny tribe
 - while on its glasey surface the graceful Swan and
 modest Teal - besides many other species of water fowl - gaily
 dip their gaudy beaks - or slowly sail along beside the mosey
 banks = There are also large play grounds - for playing ball -
 Crickett - and other athletic sports - all leveled off as smooth
 as a marble floor - and clothed with the most sparkling
 greensord = The place abounds in charming little grottoes - vine
 clad Arbours - shady nooks - and delightful walks running
 in every direction = Every specie of Ornamental trees - Plants -
 Flowers - and shrubs - that the climate will admit of, are cultivated
 and nourished with the tenderest care = Little birds from the
 distant forests find here a syloian retreat = and tell to all around
 thier joy = as they merrily skip from branch to branch - and
 warble forth in melting lays - Natures Choicest Melody = In a lovely
 grove near the central portion of the Park - is a Saloon for
 Refreshments = it is surrounded by rustic bowers = with woodbines
 twineing round - with foliage so thick as to entirely exclude the

36 penetrating rays of the summer sun = there are easily ^{arranged} with
seats and Tables inside = where you can seat yourself - and
have your refreshment brought to you = then you can lay
back in the shade, and sip your Ale or Beer at your leisure =
The Englishman must have his Beer - no matter where he goes or
where he is - he expects his Beer = Here all kinds of malt
Liquors are very cheap - but Sweetmeats - Cakes - and Pastry are
exorbitantly high - for cakes which you can buy in the States for
twelve cts per doz - I have paid as high as five pence ^{each} ~~per doz~~ =
With some few exceptions everything is rather high = such articles
as crockery - Cotton Fabrics - cutlery - are cheap = but with these
as also some other exceptions = articles are cheaper in America

Kingston. Nov 6th 1857

On the 22 of August = our Cargo was all stowed = and the
Pilot coming on board = we hauled out of Dock at noon
into the stream where we lay intill the next morning - when
the Boat took us in tow out to sea = ~~where~~ The Pilot left
us at 1 o'clock P.M. = We had a fair wind = and on the
fifth day we cleared the Channel and soon left the
shores of Old England far in our rear = and Britten
to us was like a dream of the past = We ran nearly in

a south west direction = passing between
 the Azores or western Islands and the continent
 We had light changable winds untill the 18th of September
 when in Lat 29 Deg - 16 Min North - and Lon 20 Deg 37 Min
 West - We took the North East Trades - which blow steadily from
 the North East the year round - in these Latitudes - We
 then changed our course to West one pt South - We
 now had very pleasant sailing - though the wind at times
 was very light - sometimes dying away to a perfect
 calm - yet blowing always - when we had a breeze steadily
 from the Eastward - scarcely ever varying a point
 With no squalls to interrupt us - we slowly - but ^{smoothly} kept
 our course - and for the space of nearly five weeks there
 was seldom a yard braced on board the Ship - The
 weather was delightful - though some days - in the middle
 of the day it was rather too warm to be comfortable -
 the Thermometer ranging from seventy five deg - to eighty five
 above Zero - in the shade - From the first of October untill
 our arrival we had frequent Squalls of wind and
 rain - but none of them heavy enough to give us any
 alarm or fear - We were now in the Latitudes
 where the Flying Fish and Dolphin abound
 The Dolphin is a fish celebrated for its swiftness and great beauty

38 We caught one in the vicinity of the west Indies and
their beauty is no exaggeration - they should be seen to be
admired - The little flying fish were a great curiosity indeed -
They are about the size of a small mackerel - and bear quite
a close resemblance to them in appearance - and color but
lack the spots - There is nothing ^{odd} or strange in seeing a flock
of birds - skimming along over the water but to see a school of
fish skipping from wave - or skimming over the water a distance
of a quarter of a mile or so - is a sight worth seeing -
We saw a number of Sail - on the way - but none came near
enough to speak - We exchanged signals with an English Bark
while off the Western Islands - About two or three weeks before
our arrival our provisions - began to grow short as far as dainties
were concerned - and Our diet consisted principally of Salt
Junk - and hard Bread - with a scant supply of Tea and
Coffee - About the middle of the passage some local diffi-
culties occurred on board - which made many of our associati-
-ons very unpleasant - and made the time pass away in a dull
dreary manner - Our passage - was growing to be a very long one
- and I began to feel the sea life very irksome - when on Sunday
morning Oct 18 - we made Anegada - the most North Eastern
Island of the Virgin Group - This served to break the monotony
and sameness - which every day with its round of duty brought

forth - with the same round of daily associations - 39
until it had become almost unsurportable - We
sailed along in the vicinity of these Islands during the
day - and occasionally sighting some of them in the distance
- and next morning found us smoothly sailing along the
Coast of Porto Rico - with the land in full view - and near
enough to see the waving trees - its quiet Vales - and lofty hills
Clad in their garb of perpetual Verdure - Quite often would
be seen - some large plantation house peeping from out
among the trees - We had beautiful sailing this day and
night - the weather was mild and pleasant - with a gentle
breeze - blowing from off the Island - laden with the sweet-scent
-ed fragrances - of the luscious fruits - and honied flowers
of tropical Climes - The next morning found us in the
Mona Passage - with the little Cone shaped Island of Zachee
on Our Labord Beam - and the towering hills of Porto
Rico just discernable in the distant gloom of the
horizon - This day we passed the small Islands of Mona &
Monica - and could just make out the loom of Sabano - on
Our Labord Beam - Next morning we made St Domingo -
which we were three days in passing - Next morning the
rising sun as it lifted the veil of night from off the face of
the Earth - and shed its dazeling rays on earth and Ocean - displayed

40 to Our longing eyes - the Cloud Caped Mountains of
Jamaica - the Island of our destination - and the Land
we had been ^{sailing} sixty five days to reach - We dropped Anchor in
the harbour of Kingston - our destined Port - On Wednesday Oct
28th at one 1/2 past ten O'clock P-M - after a passage of sixty
six days from Liverpool -

New Orleans Dec 12 - 1857 -
After arriving in Kingston - the Capt used all the
dispatch possible - to get discharged - for two reasons - viz - On account
of its being so unhealthy for foreigners - and the ^{vessel} being unexp-
ered - he was afraid of the worms getting into her bottom - as it
is considered to be one of the worst places in the world for them -
The Consines put all the available help at work on the Ship
- to the number of seventy five Male and Female - labourers -
With the exception of having to haul out from the wharf twice
- to give the Steamers a chance to Coal - we got along without
any other interruption - and the evening of the 27 of Nov - found
us discharged - Ballasted and ready for sea - We were bound
for New Orleans - with no freight - but fourteen ~~Passengers~~ all
Cabin Passages - We were all very anxious to get away - from
thence - having all seen as much of Kingston as we wished to - for

at least one voyage = We happened to be just in the fruit 41.
season = when all those delicious fruits of the Tropics are in
their prime = We had abundance of all kinds of Fruit - such
as the Luscious Juicy Crisp Pine Apple = The Golden Aromatic
flavoured Bannanna's = Cocoa Nuts = Oranges = and hundreds
of kinds = too numerous to mention = and very cheap = almost
for nothing = We had to be very cautious however = how we
indulged in such luxuries for the least excess was apt
to bring on the Yellow Fever = Our Crew were not cautious
enough = but eat fruit and drank liquor = which brought on
a run of Fever = on two of the Sailors = One died = and the
other was left behind at the Hospital = The Sailor left
sick behind was an Irishman by birth = but sailed under
the American Protection = his name was James Learey = the other
Sailor = the one that died = was known on board by the appellation
of Big Jim = but his right name was = Philip A Given = belong-
ing to Webster = State of Maine = He came on board at Bath with
the rest of us = ~~and~~ was called (as the rest of us were one of the Boys =
he was 22 yrs of age = he stood over six ft in his shoes = and
could handle any two men on board the ship = He was one
of the best natured persons I ever saw = always in good humor
= and a general favourite with all on board = About a week
before he died he called me into the Forecastle = and handed me

a letter - which he had just received - informing him of
 the death of his Mother - with tears in his eyes - he told me of
 his loss - saying that he could never replace so great a loss - for
 she was all the world to him - but now she was lost to him forever
 but he little thought at that time - that he should follow her to
 her long - long home so soon - but death had placed his seal up
 on his brow - and two days afterwards - he was taken with the yellow
 fever and in one week from that time - he was a corpse -
 At about three O'clock on the morning ^{of his death} the crew in the Forecastle
 were awakened ^{by} him who was groaning and apparently in great
 distress - some of them got up - and found him down between
 two chests - in a dying condition - The Capt and Mate were
 called - and when they got forward he was just breathing his
 last - He died at half past three O'clock on the morning of the
 25th of Nov - This was the first death on shipboard - and
 it spread sadness and gloom o'er all on board - There were four
 others sick at the time - and we did not know whose turn
 would come next - for he was the most respected person on board -
 and being a general favourite we all missed him much - This was
 the first time I ever saw a Tailors burial - and I pray that I
 may never lay in a Tailors grave - The Capt went on shore early
 in the morning and reported his death - and made arrangements
 for taking him on shore - At about 11 O'clock A-M - four Negroes

came on board to take him to his grave = They took him out of the fore-castle where he had lain since his death = untouched by anyone = for all shunned him for fear of the disorder = he was tumbled into a rude pine Box = just as he died = amid the rude and jestings of the Negroes = lowered into their boat and taken on shore = and tumbled into his lonely resting place = with no friends to follow his lifeless body to the grave = Or shed o'er his place of repose = one tear of sorrow or regret = There deeply buried 'neath the soil of a foreign land = with no memento to mark the spot of his lonely repose = far removed from the home of his childhood = and all that he loved and cherished = his indeed was a sad lot = (the Capt. clipped a lock of hair from his head which he sent home with his things after our arrival in New Orleans = Nearly all on board were laid up = most of them a week or less = but we took good care of them = and crammed the Quinine = with plenty of Calomel and Jallap = into them = and drove away the fever = About a week before we were ~~was~~ ready to sail = three of our men ran away = bag and baggage = they went up into the mountains among the Country Plantations = The Police were put on their track = and on the third day after their leaving, they were snugly stowed in Kingston Jail = The next day they came on board with nothing but the things they stood in = having hidden

all their Clothes-up in the Mountains - and were obliged
 to leave them - by this operation they lost - the value of 40-
 or 50 dollars each - There was nothing transpired after this
 untill the 28th of Nov. when our Passengers being all on board
 at 2 O'clock P.M. sail was made on the Ship - and twilight
 found us again on the sparkling Ocean - I now had a chance
 to observe the Character - and quality of Our Passengers - First
 came Monsieurs Young - a French Creole - born in New Orleans - but
 had strayed to Jamaica - had married - and was now going
 to make New Orleans his future residence - His family numbered
 six members in all - including a little cross baby - about eight
 months old - whose voluminous - and pentorian tones - continually
 filled the Cabin - with heart-rendering - and jaw cracking
 music - They said the child was sick - and I have no reason to
 think otherwise - for the dosing it had was enough to make it
 sick - They were dosing it with something all the time - I could
 scarcely keep a Mug in the Pantry for that cused young one -
 They used to get the child drunk on Brandy and water - and
 when it was getting sober again - thunder how it would squall -
 Madams Young - was very much out of health - besides being sea
 sick a good part of the time - She did not take her meals
 at the Dining Table - but had ~~her~~ her fodder - taken to her
 in her room - This made it rather more trouble for me - but

I consoled myself - by thinking that woman was always made for trouble - at any rate they were always ~~was~~ a great trouble to me - Next comes the Samuel Family - so called - They were emigrating to New Orleans - to meet their father who had been absent from them nearly three years - and who was established in this City as a Commission Merchant and Broker - This Family comprised seven members in all Mrs. Samuel - and the two Misses Samuels - young Ladies - aged respectfully twenty two yrs of age and twenty four - the two Master Samuels - Master Edward - 20 yrs. of age - and Master William - a stripling of thirteen - a regular puffy boy - and who I think if his mother had not dried up - would have been sucking his titty now - One of the remaining two was a Negro servant - or waiting Maid - She was rather greedy and like Negroes generally - slower than the growth of a log fence - The last remaining person was Mrs. Samuel's Sister a real cusey - fusey - old Maid - Of all the Animals in existence who breath the breath of life and wear a wig - there is none so utterly detestable as an old Maid - It does not make any odds - how pretty or fascinating they are when young - if they pass through the matrimonial Campaign unscathed - and turn the sunny side of thirty - then the girl begins to stick in - and the Old Maid begins to stick out - the smiles of sweetness - their tender looks -

The eye so meeting - the voice so soft and tender - and the many
 winning ways in which they entangle the Pantaloon Association -
 all leave them - as the leaves are shorn from the Spreading Tree
 at the approach of winter - They are unhappy themselves and try
 to make every body else so - This Family were with the exception
 of the young Ladies and Master Edward - sea sick nearly all the
 passage - The Old Maid had a pet - Goat - and a pet - Parrot -
 which had to be tended and waited upon - as well as herself -
 - and as she was helpless from sea sickness - she kept every body
 within her control - waiting upon her all the time - She would
 say please bring me the Camphor - rub my head in Cologne -
 mix me some brandy and water - Good God I shall die -
 fetch me a bottle of hot water to hold in my hands - O! Dear
 I shall die - Wake - Wake and away would go all over the floor -
 and so it was kept up all the whole time - She used to have
 so many mess-bottles and so forth - around her all the time - that
 her room was known as the Old Maids Hospital - The rest
 of the family were more agreeable - The Young Ladies - especially
 were quite an addition to our Cabin arrangements - They were
 very sociable - and I used to steal some stray glances into the
 sunny depths of their wide spreading Sun Bonnets - and coax
 out - many a bewitching smile - and tender look - from their
 sweet faces - and sparkling eyes - it would be no flattery

to say they were two lovely looking - and fine appearing Ladies -
 We found out after our arrival in the Mouth of the river -
 that this Family were Jews - we found it out one day
 by their refusing to eat - hog - for dinner - The remaining
 Passenger - was a Son of Erin - who had managed to exist in the
 world for the space of about twenty five yrs - He had strayed
 from the Misery Bogs of Galloway - to Jamaica - when quite
 young - and had been stationed on the Police in Kingston - for
 the enormous sum of sixteen dollars per month from which
 he had to sport a Police man's Suit - and supply the wants of the
 inside portion of his - rotundous little Body - As living was very
 high there - he found at the end of each year - that he did not grow
 rich - as fast as he stood still - so he concluded to try America
 for a living - He was one of your Superstitious Persons - who
 believed in Dumas - Lost - roling calf - and such things - He
 He was a very peculiar looking Person - as well as a very
 eccentric one in his manners - and general deportment -
 He was rather tall - and slender - white round shouldered
 - with a yellow brash - bushy head of hair - a nose that
 would vie with a Parrot's - if anything it was not so good
 a form - as a Parrot's Bill - having much more of a curve
 to it - his eyes were small and gray - and were deeply sunken
 beneath a large bushy pair of gray eyebrows - We could not

look anyone in the eye while talking - but would move them
 from object to object - like a hog going to war - they
 were very small and sparkling and were much in
 appearance like a small Cartwheel - His mouth could
 have been made a trifle larger by moving his ears -
 The intonation of his voice was about half way
 between an Old Woman's and the tiny bleatings of
 a young Lamb - The Capt. used to amuse us while at
 meals in the Cabin by asking him questions and to
 hear his answers - The style of his conversational powers
 was so peculiar and comical - that it would keep us in
 a roar of laughter all the while - We had a fine breeze
 and the ship being light skimmed the water like a bird
 - We averaged from seven to eight knots per hour - and
 on Thursday morning Dec 2^d made point Cape Antonio
 the most South West point of Cuba - Our fortunate wind
 continued in our favor - and on Sunday the 5th at
 4 O'clock in the morning we made Pass A Loutre Light
 At about daylight it came on thick weather - and we were
 obliged to pull the ship about and stand out to sea again -
 The weather continued thick - and the wind changed from
 East to North - Monday forenoon we made the beleeze at
 about 11 O'clock - at about 4 miled distance - but we were

not destined to get in that day - for the fog - which for
 a short time had lifted its ~~vaporous~~ mantle - now
 settled down again and we had to stand off ~~out~~ to sea -
 One of the Tow Boats caught sight of us - and put out after
 us - and we could hear her whistle - for us - many times during
 the afternoon - we fired some small arms - but they were
 at such a distance - that we could not make them hear -
 Thus we kept banging about off the Belize - untill Wednesday
 morning - when the fog lifted and we found ourselves nearly
 in the same place we had seen it on Monday - A Boat now
 saw us and came out to meet us - It was now blowing a regular
 Northerner and cold enough to freeze one - The Boat proved
 to be the Tow Boat Ocean of the Ocean Line - She took
 us in tow over the Bar - where we lay at Anchor through
 the gale - which lasted through the night - The next forenoon
 the Boat took us in tow - in company with the Ship's -
 Mountainer of Maldobourough Me - besides two Barks
 towing astern - We did not reach the City untill past six
 O'clock on Friday Evening Dec 11th Our Passengers - all
 went on Shore that night (leaving their Baggage which
 was taken on Shore next day) with the exception of
 Our Irish friend - who sported the Ephronous name
 of - Michall Patrick Bridgett Galloway - who considering

that all the knowledge he had about the City was
 ignorance = Concluded to stay on board - and take a
 fair start in the morning - After Our arrival alongside
 the Levee - The Samuel Family seemed very anxious to
 meet their Father - who was apprised of their coming - it
 was nearly an hour before he came - he came in company
 with an English Capt by the name of Wheeler - They
 were both considerably intoxicated - and in this condition
 he met his family - and gave them the greeting kiss - and warm
 embrace - while his body was under the influence - and his
 breath empyagnated with the disagreeable odor of Alcohol -
 I thought I could see the Mother shudder as he caught her in
 his embrace and imprinted on her lips a husbands kiss - while
 a deep crimson blush overspread the cheeks of his two bea-
 utiful daughters - and sadness and mortification seemed
 almost to overpower the young Men - We had to assist
 him on shore - where they took a Carriage to their Residence -
 This night found me again returned to the Country of
 my nativity after an absence of Six Month and
 twenty three days -

This is to record the particulars of a very singular accident which has just occurred to the Shipping in this Port - Friday the 15th as we were taking dinner in the Cabin - The wind having been blowing quite strong most of the forenoon - accompanied with scattering showers of rain - now came on - with great violence - while the rain fell in torrents - they were all seated at the table discussing various topics - when the Squal in all its fury struck us - we heard a crash - and all ran out on deck to see what occasioned it - an awful sight presented itself We were fastened at Pier 47 Lower Shipping - on the Stream side of the W.V. Moses - and R.D. Shepard - which was the inside ship - this ship had parted her Bowfastenings and her spring holding her - brought her with tremendous force up against the Ann Washburn's Stern which crushed it all to pieces - this Collision sent the Shepard down on the next tier of Shipping - crashing and smashing bulwarks - spars - rigging masts &c, this was all done in a moment of time - and before we could scarcely turn round five tiers of Shipping above us - had parted their fasts - and were piling directly down upon us - This broke

our shore lines-and away we went down stream all in a tumult of confusion together = The wind was howling a regular hurricane-while the rain descended in torrents-amid the roaring of the storm-the Voice of Captain's or Mate's could be heard in all directions-giving of orders while spars-yards and rigging-were snapping-and cracking-and flying in every direction-It was dangerous to be on deck for fear of the falling spars and rigging-The wind set us across the river and in about fifteen minutes from our leaving our wharf we found ourselves about 3 miles below the City on Algiers side-with both Anchors out-our stern badly chafed with the loss also-of our main Topsail yard-and main Top gallant yard-otherwise we were not injured-many Vessels-were very much injured-some loosing Bow Spirits-masts-Stern's Stove-and rails crashed in-we escaped with about as little damage as any one of them-The squall lasted ten or fifteen minutes-when the wind abated-the rain held up-and we had a chance to make a reconnaissance of the damage done =

Some of the Vessels-were piled aground on the mud Banks by the shore while others more fortunate-had got an anchorage in deeper water-We were of the later class-The Tow Boats immediately set to work-towing the Shipping back again to the Levee our turn did not come-until Sunday afternoon-when the

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J. I. Whitney came alongside and brought us up to the City again - Monday the 11th we had a 3rd Mate come on board by the name of Abel Patten - one of our old Towns Boys - from Ipsham - thus the third Mates berth was once more filled which had been vacant since the absence of Mr. Berard who left us in Liverpool -

Mississippi River Nov 12th 1858

Yesterday morning - the 11th we were all prepared for another trip across the hoary and tempestuous Atlantic - in a winter passage - Our Freight amounts to *3592 Bales of Cotton - and a few thousand Staves - At 7 O'clock the Tow Boat Yanke came alongside and took us down to Government Wharf - where all the tows are made up - We made fast to the wharf - and remained there during the day - At 7 O'clock in the evening the Shipping Master came on board - and mustered the crew together - when each man, to the number of 14 - answered to his name - the Main Capstain being used by the Shipping - Master as a table to pay the men their advance - if any there might

Consigned to Brandon Boult & English

be who had not received any - who in our crew
 happened to be one - After the Men were found to be
 all on board and all right - the Shore gangway was
 closed to all but the Shipping Master and Runners - who
 immediately went on Shore - The lines were cast off
 - and we were left in charge of the Tow Boat - Star -
 to take us down the River out to sea - The Ship Sea
 King - and a brig were in our tow - The night was thick
 and foggy - and we were obliged to let go the anchors - after
 proceeding down river about three miles - here we lay
 through the night - and early in the morning - we
 hove up our Anchors - and again moved down the river -
 The wind was blowing a fresh breeze up the river - and
 continued to increase until 11 O'clock - when it blew almost
 a hurricane - and directly ahead - the Boat could not make
 scarcely any headway - and was unable to manage us between
 the wind and tide - so we sought shelter just around a
 slight bend in the river - and again our Anchor - found
 its second resting place on the Mississippi Bottom -
 There we lay safely moored - through the rest of the day
 and night - and the next morning at early dawn - all hands
 were mustered on deck - the Anchor was hove up - and just
 as the sun showed his smiling face above the eastern horizon

we again commenced our journey down the river -

The day was bright and clear - with a warm sun - and gentle breeze from the South West - We passed many large Plantations - scattered along the river's bank's - with chier rows of neat little white washed Negro huts - on each side of the Planters residence - many of which were very fine looking Buildings - with large flower gardens - in front - neat gravelled walks dividing it into squares - and circles - and many tastely arranged windings - while Orange trees - (which seems to be a great favourite with the inhabitants here) are every where spreading thier leafy branches ^{while} clustering fruit of the deepest yellow load them with thier luccious burden - till they bend and dapple with the earth below - after going down the river about two thirds its distance - civilization begins to grow less - and Plantations more scarce - which gradually ^{disappear} as you go farther down - and are soon lost altogether - with the exception a scattering hovell - where wood Choppers - or sportsmen pitch thier habetations - There is no hills or elevations - to be seen - the whole distance from the rivers mouth to New Orleans - nothing but a level tract of country - generally cleared for the distance of a mile - to 3 or four from the banks of the river - where it is skirted by a thick growth of Cotton wood Cypress - Pine - and other species - The river is rather higher than

56 the country through which it winds its course -
and is kept from overflowing by high banks - which
has been formed by the drift wood and rubbish which
is always floating down its muddy tide - With the help
of man it has been made so perfect that it but sel-
dom breaks away - We had a pleasant sail down river
and at four O'clock P.M. passed over the Bar - and in
less than an hours time the Ship was covered with
a cloud of Canvas - and shipping over the water in
Cheerfull glee to a merry breeze from the South West

Liverpool Eng April 5th 1858.

On our third day from the Balaize, the wind chooped round
to North East - and which brought the Ship right in the
winds eye - with a head wind we were obliged to beat out of the
Gulf - which we accomplished after sixteen days of hard toil
tacking Ship - Bracing Ship - yards - &c - After this the wind
changed in our favor - and the weather was quite warm and
pleasant - We had rather rough weather and strong winds - near
the Vicinity of the Western Islands - which lasted 14 - days -
after this the wind was rather light but favourable - and on
the 27th day of March we were in the latitude of Cape Clear - and

with square yards - we made a straight course up the Chanell and passed Truska at eight O'clock next morning - that night at twelve O'clock brought us up to Point Linus - where we took a Pilot and at 11 O'clock next day - on the morning of the 29 we were safely moored in the MERSY - The next day we hauled into Rushinson Dock - this is the lower Dock - and the one where all the large Ocean Steamers - Packet Ships - and all of the most noted Ships in the world lye when in this Port - we find the weather much cooler here than I had anticipated - and although there is an occasional green field to be seen where the grass is just sending fourth its tender shoots still the nights are rather cool and chilly - and the days have that hazy appearance - and chilly uncomfortable ness. which much resembles our down East weather late in October and November - The first ice I have seen since leaving home - was a few nights since - of about 1/4 of an inch in thickness - on the head of one of the water Casks foreward - And as for snow - the first and only which we have seen this winter, was off abreast of Holeyhead - on the top of one of the Welsh mountains early in the morning of our arrival - it looked beautiful as it glistened and sparkled meath the gold clad rays of the morning sun - and reminded me of the merry days of Old - when a boy I used to take my Sledge - and rove o'er the hills and vales - and spend many a happy hour in gliding down the snow covered hill sides - with

almost lightening speed - and which sport used to cost me many a sore head - and brused limbs - All the voyage from the time of our leaving the Balize - untill our arrival in this place - we kept no fire in the Cabin - and with but or two exceptions - the weather was so warm - that we got along very comfortable -

April 13th.

Since we have been in this Dock - I have had a good chance to see quite a number of Steamers and Sailing Ships of more or less note - among the number - the Cunard line of American Mail Steamers - The Europa - The Arabia - and America - and many other fine Boats - much superior to any I have ever seen in the States - although I believe it is considered that the Adriatic of Collins American line of Ocean Steamers is the most splendid and magnificent Steam Ship in the world - The Great Brittan came into Dock yesterday - this magnificent Steam Propellor - is three thousand five hundred tons burdew - and was the first Iron Ship ever built - and was considered in her day - as a world wide wonder - She now ranks as a first - class Packet - but her boasted splendor and magnificence have long since departed - and given place to ones of more modern and superior size and accomodations - such as the Persia - Adriatic & others - The Donald McKay - built by McKay of Boston for parties here in England is in the dry docks

undergoing repairs- She is a first class Clipper-
and when built was one of the finest Ships in the world
I had the pleasure of going through her Cabin-which
is furnished in a most expensive and tasty manner-the seats
are all stuffed and covered with crimson silk Plush-and
most beautiful paintings garnish the walls-I should
never have imagined while in her Cabin that I was on
board of a Ship-She now hails from Liverpool and many
of the English (the ignorant ones-) boast of their cleverness at
Ship building - It is admitted generally by all nations that
the United States builds the finest sailing Ships in the world -
the most noted Builders being McKay of Boston and the late
George Steers of New York-who have built on contract ~~the~~
many of the best Ships owned in England-and which are
called British Vessels- this is the way they steal their thunder
quite an amusing incident occurred in the Downs but
a short time ^{since} The Queen was invited to visit a vessel laying
there called the ~~Champion~~ ^{James Baines} of the Sea- a first- Class Clipper-
The Queen went on board- and after examining the Ship
expressed her surprise at the advancement- her Countrymen
had made in naval architecture within a few years- and paid
many highly satisfactory compliments in the cleverness of their
Ship building - Some shrewd Yankee hearing of it- came

out in the next days Journal - in quite a spicy little article - informing the Queen and Natives around ^{that} the vessel which she visited the day previous and expressed so much surprise - and paid such flattering compliments - was an American built ship - and no doubt his Country men would feel much flattered by the flattering praise bestowed on their architecture coming as it did from so high and honorable a source -

13th To day we are hauling into the dry Dock - to paint and copper the Ship - Our Crew - all the best of them have stowed by the Ship - which is quite an unusual occurrence - we had a very good crew - with one Yankee among them - who hailed from Baltimore and was shanghied in New Orleans - he was not much of a sailor but a fine scollar - a very handsome face and figure - and it was said that he was of very respectable connections - He had been up in Kansas and the Western Country - locating Land - Speculating - in land Warrants &c - He came down to New Orleans to transact some little business - and got on a spree - and the next week from the commencement of his trip - he found himself on board Our Ship - penniless - with not half sufficient clothing to keep him warm - and half way down the Mississippi - He slept on the bare boards of his berth - and would borrow a quilt of some of the sailors to cover over him - he used to have to borrow a shirt of some of the Old Shell Backs - to put on when

he washed his own - he left us and went home as soon as
 we arrived here - Another one of our sailors by the name of
 Michall Warcy - a young fellow - nineteen yrs of age - calling
 himself an American - but what is called a Liverpool Irish
 Man - went on shore - being born of Irish Parents in Liv-
 erpool - went on shore the first night after our arrival - and some-
 where up town got into a fight with a lot of Dutchmen -
 who hearing Warcy boast of being an American - disputed
 it - and words soon brought on blows - when Warcy finding
 that he was in a fair way to get rather a severe thrashing
 drew his Sheath Knife and killed one instantly on the spot
 and stabbed some four or five others - some of them so severely
 that they were obliged to go to the Hospital - He was immediately
 taken into custody and lodged in Bridewell to await his
 trial - which will probably hang him or transport him
 for life - He had made one voyage before in an American Vessel
 and like a large number of our modern yankees called himself
 one - The Papers the next day after the murder spoke of him
 as a Yankee Sailor - this is the way the yankees suffer from
 imposition and gain such a large share of prejudice among
 foreign Nations.

At Sea. May 27⁵⁸ Lon^{West} 9, 05 Lat 41, 51^{North}

We are again on Red Bowler-bound for Trieste Austria. After going into the Engraving Dock and painting and coppering the Ship which took three days we hauled out and were obliged to lie in Dock idle for seven days after, waiting for a berth on Parking head side to take in our cargo of coal. While we lay in Sandon Dock idle the Clipper Ship James Baines came into Huskinson Dock the next Dock below us and the lowermost one now built in Liverpool. She was from Melbourne Australia with a valuable cargo consisting of Wool, Hides, Hemp &c. Her crew were mostly Sepoys of India notoriety and a savage looking set they were in stature they were not very stout built being generally rather slender. Their complexion was a very dark copper color with long straight Black hair - a most piercing-revengful black eye. Their general appearance much resembled our North American Indians - only they ^{have} a more treacherous sensual and brutish appearance. This Ship considered to be one of the fastest and most splendid Ships afloat - ^{*} caught fire in her birth alongside the Reg from spontaneous combustion in her lower hold - and in spite of all the efforts made to extinguish the flames - she burned to the waters edge -

* The James Baines was burned Apr 25 - 1858
Our Cargo Amounted to 1700 tons consigned to Austrian Lloyd & Company

Her Cargo was mostly insured - as also the Vessel - This was the Ship visited by the Queen - Thousands of persons were at the fire watching with the most intense interest - as spar after spar - would be severed by the flames - and fall with a fearful crash - directly across the Shed (running along the Quay - crashing through rickpool and Roof - and smashing everything in its course to atoms - The fire burned steadily from six O'Clock in the morning untill twelve at night - when nothing remained of the fine Ship which at sunrise that morning lay so proudly on the water but one charred mass of ruins -

On the 28th we left our berth on Liverpool side and were towed across the river - to Burkinghead Dock - almost in the same berth we loaded in eight months before - We were to have untill the 14th day to load in - and again all was bustle and confusion - the ballast was to be taken out and coal to the amount of over seventeen hundred tons - put in and all to be done in seven^{teen} days - Everything going along smoothly the Ship was all loaded and ready for sea on the morning of the 13th of May - when she was towed out into the Stream where she lay through the day and night and, at six O'Clock on Friday morning the Anchor was hoisted - and in charge of the Tow Boat we proceeded to Sea and we again bid adieu to

Liverpool for the 2^d time - and perhaps forever -

While loading in Burkinghead we came very near burning the ship up - It was nearly twelve O'clock in the day and a fire had just been built in the Cabin to keep it comfortable until dinner was over - During the forenoon the 2^d Mate had lowered the Spanker down directly over the stove pipe. it soon caught fire - but there being a light breeze at the time it spread rather slowly - I was in the Cabin at the time conversing with the Capt - when looking out of the Skylight I saw a dense volume of smoke moving over the Cabin - and immediately remarked that the ship was on fire - I ran out on top the Cabin and found the Sail all in flames - I gave the alarm of fire - and the crew being all on board and water ~~handy~~ handy the fire was soon put out - If there had been any wind at the time in all probability she would have been totally destroyed - The gang of men that were loading the ship had just nothing off their forenoon's work and were sitting down - by the side of the vessel eating their dinners - which is brought them by their wives - those who are married - and that is generally all of them - so it happened that there were quite a large number of females in the vicinity at the time - The flames were

scarcely extinguished - when two or three women came on board and wanted the Capt to give them a present for discovering and giving the alarm of fire first - The Capt told them he was not aware that they gave any alarm - at least he heard none until it was given by persons on board - This would not satisfy them - they said they deserved a present and he must make them one - he replied that he should when he was compelled to and not before - One woman stuck for a reward with such tenacity that she kept chasing him for three or four days bent on being rewarded - After she found she could not induce him to give her anything - she really went and consulted legal advice to see if she could not compel him to do so - poor woman - she should have had something for she earned it - after the fire if not at the time - It is quite amusing to see the women and girls steal coal - the cars bring the coal directly along side the ship - protected overhead by a long shed running along the Quay - the shed is all open so that any one can go through it at any time of day - mornings from quite early in the morning until eight o'clock is generally proved by the coal thieves as also a short time at noon and at night - They get around the

Shed - sometimes to the number of twenty or thirty - and
 all the way from little girls who can scarcely lift a pound
 to Old Women who can scarcely totter along from extreme
 old age. They keep some one of their number on the look
 out for Policemen and the rest improve the time lively
 in tugging off the Coal - each one gets as much in her
 arms or apron - as they can carry - and take it off away
 from the Shed to a place of security where they can dispose
 of it at their leisure - and then return for another load -
 Very often the alarm will be given that a Police man has
 come in sight - and then such scampering where ever
 they are when the watchword is sounded - they drop their
 load and take leg bail for security in two seconds
 there will not be one in sight - where they go to so quick
 is a query - unless they have holes like mice - One night
 the Stevedore who was loading the Ship - caught one old woman
 lugging away the Coal - and seized hold of her with the inte-
 ntion of giving her in charge of the Police - but he was soon
 glad to give up the attempt - for all the rest of the Coal thieves - young
 and old collected around him - and began to fire bricks
 and any misel that chanced to be at hand - Some of the
 men then interferred (who probably had wives or daughters
 there - and the Stevedore was obliged to back down - and

just saved himself from a severe thrashing - Our living while
 here was fresh meats of different kinds - with Old Potatoes - Cabbage
 (called curly cabbage or greens) - turnips - Onions - &c - The new crop
 of Vegetables began to get along just before we came away - such as Lett-
 Raddishes - Top Onions - Culla Flower - &c - The night before we came
 away - I saw some new Potatoes - to the amount of about a Peck - and
 about the size of Acorns - which they asked the ^{extravagant} enormous sum
 of two shillings a pound for - or at the rate of \$26.88 cts for
 per Bushel - But to our Ship again - after getting out into
 the Channell - we had ^{head} winds and rough weather - and cold
 enough almost for winter - at least from the time we left
 Liverpool - untill our twelfth day out we had very rough - stormy
 tempestuous weather much more disagreeable than during any correspon-
 ding length of time - during our Voyage from New Orleans to Liverpool
 in the months of Feb - & March - We had to beat out of the Channel
 with a strong head wind - and accompanied by a heavy ^{cross} sea - which
 kept the Ship rolling incessantly from one side to the other - while
 every now and then - a higher wave than usual would come tum-
 beling in over the Rail - keeping the Deck continually flooded
 with water - occasionally a huge wave would break over the Bows
 and come rolling down over the Top Gallant Forecastle - would
 sweep everything in its course that was not secured - down - into
 the Lead Scuppers - amidships - We had on board a couple of Hogs -

which in Rough weather - we kept in an empty - hog pen - which
 always set forward by the windlafs - one day it being exceedingly
 rough - the Hogs were fattened up in their pen - a towering sea broke
 over the Bows - and taking the Empty Hog pen - full of hogs - in
 the torrent carried it down to the Main Mast - Hogs and all - They
 soon came tumbling out through the top into the water
 squealing and blowing water out of their mouths - they were washed
 down into the Lead Scuppers - and before they ^{got} out were nearly half
 drowned - In getting around Decks we had to watch our chance - &
 after the Ship had heeled over and was righting again - we would
 make a start - and by catching hold of belaying pins and ropes - could
 manage to get along after a fashion - Every little trifling article in the
 ship had to be fastened to keep it from knocking around - all but the
 dishes in the Pantry - which could not be secured so but that they would
 keep one continual clattering night and day of the most jaw
 cracking music - It was impossible to sleep nights with any peace
 as the carrying of the Vessel would keep one constantly rolling from
 one side of the berth to the other - Wednesday the 19th we made Cornwall
 or the Lands End of England - a county somewhat famous in old
 England as producing the flower of her fair sex - On Thursday the 20th
 we made the Coast of Spain in the vicinity of Coruna - and at 8⁶⁰
 P.M. were off abreast of Cape Finisterre - The weather began to mod-
 erate as soon as we arrived in the vicinity of Land - Thursday

morning we were smoothly sailing along the coast of Sunez Spain with a light breeze - and one of the most lovely mornings - imaginable - not a cloud was to be seen in the heavens - and the sun shone with the warmth of a mid summer day - We seemed to have made an advent into another Clime altogether - The air seemed so warm and delightful - but the day before it was cold enough for a great coat - ~~and~~ now it was comfortable with no coat at all -

Friday 26th Lazely sailing along the coast of Portugal - at noon ToF abreast of Cape Mondego - with the villages of Figueiras and Lacos - distinctly to be seen with the naked eye - a Large Convent or Nunery is seen on the summit of a hill just behind the village of Lacos - green fields and shady groves - are seen but scarcely discernable in the lengthy distance -

Sunday 30th The weather still continues mild and pleasant - with alternate calms and light breezes - yesterday morning ~~we~~ at sunrise we were directly off - abreast of Cape Carveira - Rising out of the Ocean two or three hundred feet in height (a mile or more off from the extremity of the Cape) are two ledges of rugged Rocks - with perpendicular sides and forming many abrupt peaks looking more like works of art than nature - or huge Castles rising out of the water - The wind was very light - and we moved but slowly through the water - We were all in sight of the coast - and could command a very good view of the vicinity near the shore with the ^{aid} of

eye - and quite distinctly with the glass - Just before noon two large
 seized Steam Frigates passed between us and the shore they were under full
 steam and moving at a rapid rate through the water - as they displayed
 no colors - we could not determine their Nationality - they displayed
 a ferocious set of teeth - at about 2 O'clock P.M. we were in sight of the
 little village of ^{Sanos} - which sits close by the waters edge - at the
 left farther in from the Coast ~~we~~ perched on the summit of a large high
 hill (perhaps a mountain) was a large white building (distinguishable with
 the glass) with a large high white wall around it enclosing a large tract
 we concluded it was a nunnery - At the right hand of the village - ^{the}
 about a mile - standing on the gentle slope of a large highland range
 stood an immense building - with two very tall towers in its centre
 and on each side were two smaller ones - underneath of which - were large
 high entrances or gateways - at each end of the building and each
 corner - were large square towers - It was five or six stories in height
 and seemed nearly 1/2 of a mile in length - It was by far the largest Building
 I ever saw and from the distance it seemed of a very highly finished
 style of Architecture - We judged it to be a sort of Country Palace of
 the Royal Family - or Family Residence of Some of the Nobility -
 Its situation is about ten miles from Lisbon - a little farther along
 the Coast on the side of a high hill - 2 or 3 thousand feet above the level
 of the sea - stands the beautiful and picturesque little village of
 Cintra - On a steep and rugged peak or spur of the hill stands

Cork Convent - a magnificent looking Old Building ~~with~~
~~and~~ ^{it} looks the very miniature of some old Castle - with fortified towers
 and frowning Battlements - and rugged crumbeling walls - it
 is said to be built entirely of Cork wood and a great curiosity -

We saw quite a large number of such buildings while sailing along
 the Coast which we took for Nuneries Convents or something of the
 sort - at sundown - we were just off the entrance to Lisbon
 harbor - but this morning at sunrise - we were nearly out of sight
 of land - at noon to day a large Ship of War - which was supposed
 to be a Ship of the Line - steaming slowly along - showing two
 rows of Ports beside her upper tier - The wind has now sprung
 up from the Eastward and blowing a stiff breeze -

Passage of Gibraltar

June 6th From the date of Sunday 30 - the
 wind still continued from the Eastward which was near-
 ly a head-wind and our progress was rather slow - but we
 kept slowly gaining towards the Straits - and June 2^d made
 Cape St Vincent the South Western extremity of Portugal - and
 the morning of the 5th at 6 O'Clock we were off the entrance
 of the Straits which could be seen off on our Leeward
 quarter - and the African Coast stretching about 3 or 4 miles
 ahead, and stretching off as far as the eye could discern - on our

Standard Sound at Eight Bells. The word was given to man
 the braces - In a few minutes the Captains voice was heard
 ringing through the Ship - Hard A Lee - The Helm being put
 hand down the Ship soon came up into the wind - and the
 word was given to - Let Go and Haul - Round came the
 yards - and the Sailors taking up the Chorus of - A - or -
 ho - or - ha - the yards were braced hard up - and we were
 off for the mouth of the Straits - We were nearly in the midst
 of a large fleet - to the number of forty five Sail of Vessels - all
 going up the Straits - The Wind blew directly down through the
 gut - and almost a gale - Some Vessels were under close reefed
 Topsails - but we were deep loaded and the Captain seemed to
 wish the others ^{to know} that he had as good a Ship - as any of them
 carried Topsails - and part of the time a main Top Gallant Sail;
 we entered the mouth of the passage - at about 10⁰⁰ A.M -
 and then ^{came} the work which sailors the most despise - Tacking Ship -
 Two hours - was about as long as could be run on one tack
 and then would be heard - All hands on deck - Call the
 Watch below - who would come tumbling out half awake and
 half asleep - with a dam the Straits - At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2⁰⁰ P.M. we
 were half a mile off from the African ^{Shore} and right abreast
 of Tangier - a fortified town - The city sits up on a high table
 land - close by the water - with steep banks almost perpendicular

running up to the height of many hundred feet - on the
top following the edge of the banks termination is built the wall -
Large Fortifications at short intervals - placed along the walls
mounting hundreds of cannon - which we could see peeping
over the Battlements and so near were we that we could almost
look into their muzzles - There is no harbour - with the exception
of a sand Beach and a small Bay - The Buildings in the city
part of which could be seen over the lofty walls - looked neat
and tidy - most all painted white - and mostly large lofty build-
ings many stories high - The land in the vicinity was highly cultiv-
ated - and the place altogether was highly picturesque - and mag-
nificent - It still continued to blow very fresh - and coming
on a little mazy there was not much to be seen on either side
but huge hills - with rugged and barren sides - At 9 O.C. in the
evening we were up nearly abreast of Tarifa - Just after the Land
watch were called the wind came round to the westward - The yards
were squared - and again we rejoiced in a fair wind - At six O. Clock
on the morning of the sixth - I came on Deck and could just dis-
cern the dim outlines of the Rock of Gibraltar far astern
on our Starboard Quarter - but so many miles distant that
its world renowned fortifications were not discernable -
We had a fair wind - and with Starboard and Starboard Lower
and ^{Topmast} ~~Topgallant~~ Stunsails - as also main Topgallant Stunsails - set

we made good sailing and June 9th at 10-00 A.m. were off abreast
 of the City of Algiers - so famous in past years for its numerous
 Piracies - We were many miles to seaward from the City - but its
 Mosques with their lofty domes - or tapering steeples glistening
 in the Sun - with its white tidy looking houses - could be distin-
 ctly ^{seen} in the distance - the whole being enclosed by a huge wall
 with ditches and dikes running all around it - and the whole length
 of the wall bristling with fortifications and defences - at every point.
 It has a fine harbor - it is situated on the side of a steep hill -
 The land in the vicinity seemed in a state of high cultivation
 - From our passage through the Straits - we had kept along by
 the African Coast - having it in full view - until the morning
 of the 10th when the wind changed and soon blew a light bree-
 ze from the Eastward - This head wind kept us beating off and on
 the African Coast until the 18th when we lost sight sight of Africa
 The next morning - the 19th we again hailed a fair wind from the we-
 stward - Then the stunsail gear was rove - the Stunsails set and
 once more we were swiftly sailing toward our destined Port -
 On the morning of the 22 - we were off the Island of Sicily - four
 or five miles from shore - off its South Eastern extremity -
 Quiet little villages could be seen along the shore - with scattering
 houses - dotting the hills and dales - green trees - and clustering
 shrubbery - gave the Island a very charming appearance -

At sunset we were gratified with a distant view of mount Etna - one of the noted Volcanoes of the globe - It could not be seen in the daytime from the haziness of the atmosphere - but as the sun gradually sank in the western horizon - sinking lower and lower, ^{untill it} ~~sank~~ ^{sank} behind the base of ~~Etna~~ ^{the mountain} - setting in a mass of checkered clouds - gilding them with rays of gold, to hues of the darkest crimson - then towering above the clouds could be seen the rugged sides and lofty summit of Etna. The 24th at noon - we were sailing through the Straits of Otranto which separates the Peninsular of Italy from Turkey - and connects the Mediterranean sea with the Adriatic or gulf of Venice - Land is distinctly seen on both sides of these Straits - We had a head wind in the gulf - and it being very light we made but slow progress - Saturday June 20th - I for the first time saw a water spout - it was a long distance off - but we could plainly see the water rushing up into the clouds - in a body of huge dimensions - it lasted a few minutes - and then burst about mid way between the clouds and water - the lower part falling down into the water - while the upper portion was drawn up into the clouds - We made slow progress - the wind being very light and unfavourable - June 30th we spoke the Bark Asais of Portland - sixty two days from New York - bound to Venice with a cargo of Live Oak timber - The wind continued unfavourable untill the morning of July 3rd at 300 A.M. - when it hauled round to the southward - when the yards were squared - Stunsails set - and being but a few

miles from shore on the coast of Istra - we had pleasant sailing through the day - at about 4 O'Clock P.M. - we were but a few miles off from the handsome and populous town of Rovigno - It is a fine looking place and celebrated for its valuable marble quarries - At ten O'Clock on Sunday morning July 4th we bet go our Anchor in the Harbor of Trieste

Trieste July 15 This city has a fine though open harbour - exposed to Northern and Westerly gales - and strong winds called Bore which come directly down from the mountains - sometimes with such violence that vessels laying at anchor are obliged to slip their cable and run out to sea - The city is almost encircled by a high mountain range - upon the sides of which it is partially built - In the central portion of the city are two high steep hills - upon the summit of the most northern one - is a large Citadel - while the southern one is surmounted by a strong Castle - and with numerous forts, batteries, and other fortifications - the place is considered as being strongly fortified - From the harbour the city presents a fine appearance - The Buildings are mostly large and spacious - plastered or cemented over - and painted a sort of stone colour - The streets many of them are narrow but clean - and neat, and the air is almost as pure as in the country - It contains a population of about one hundred thousand inhabitants - All the streets, lanes, and paths in the suburbs - and leading in to the interior - are all walled in with a high stone wall - inside of which the houses are built - with a gate opening through the wall - to the doorway - The City is so arranged that a person can travel all over it easily in a day - I took a walk up into the country among the peasantry -

whose peculiar stile of dress was quite a novelty - The women wear skirts or petticoats of a dark colour - with a stripe about three inches in width running around the bottom - of some gay colour - as scarlet - green - &c. - then a tight fitting silk waist - while a short gingham or cotton print - apron - is tied around the waist - reaching to the knees - a gay coloured shawl or scarf - is thrown over the shoulders - and a white cotton ^{or muslin} cloth fringed or scalloped around the edge is pinned over the head - and hangs down in a peak half way to the ground behind - This is their holiday costume without an exception - The Mens Costume is equally as amusing - Short pants coming down to the knee - and scalloped around the bottom - a short round tailed coat - a dusky colored Vest, thickly covered over with tin Buttons about the size of a Milk pail - with a curious shaped fur cap - they cut quite a dash - The stile of dress in the city is neat and rich, and similar to that worn in the States - perhaps to a little excess - some of the ladies wearing - enormous hoops - As there are few Carriages - they can follow this womanish caprice - to their taste - I was obliged to get out of the main road and stand on - the sidewalk to give one woman a chance to pass - while her husband which I took the man that was with her to be - had to walk on the opposite sidewalk, Most of the ladies preambulate the streets bareheaded - with a sunshade to keep off the sun's scorching rays - The city is neatly paved with large smooth flagging stone - with good side walks - There is nothing to be seen here of any great interest - Fruit of all kinds - such as Cherries - Peaches - Pears - Plums - Oranges - Figs - Grapes ^{Mulberries} grow in abundance of the finest quality - All kinds of vegetables - are also plenty - Beef is plenty - but the quality is rather poor - and tough - Other discription of Meat is scarce and of inferior quality - Eggs - are about seventy five cts per hundred -

On the evening of the 7. The King of Greece arrived here in a Steam Sloop of War - on his way to Vienna to pay a visit to his Brother-in-law Francis Joseph - Emperor of Austria - Upon his arrival in the Harbour - and while the Royal family were embarking - a salute of twenty one guns of heavy caliber - was fired from the Citadel in quick succession - They embarked in a small Boat and was rowed on shore - where a Brass Band - and an escort of Soldiers - awaited them - as He stepped from the boat - on to the Quay - a second salute from the Citadel of twenty one pieces of ordinance sounded his second welcome - These demonstrations - with sundry blue and Red lights - displayed around the Ship while they were embarking - completed the honors of His Majesty's Reception - The Prince of Austria is in this place - it is stated that he has just returned from Belgium - with a young Bride - having married the Princess of that Country - He has a Steam Yacht - here in the Harbour - which lies moored but a short distance from our Ship - it is new - and was built in England expressly for him - and is a very beautiful Boat - He has a residence in the City - and another at about five miles distance situated on a hill side near the bay - but a short way from the water - He and his bride - attended by her Ladies of honor - nearly every day while here, used to go out to their Seaside Mansion - to bathe and get the sea breeze - They were always carried back and forth in their Yacht - which often passed quite close to our Ship - and I was quite often gratified with a sight of Royalty - He is Governor of Lombardy and Venice - and chiefly resides at Milan - The people here say he is a very nice man - and seems to be very fond of him - Our Ship was drawing so much water that we were obliged to lay off in the harbour - at about quarter of a miles distance from the shore - the Crew do the discharging - which is done by large tubs - with which the coal is hoisted out of the hold - and emptied over the ship's side in shoots - into small Lighters

and taken on Shore - we generally discharge about fifty ton per day -

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Our laying off in the Harbour makes it very bad getting on Shore - but we used to take turns and go part of the day every other Sunday - besides I managed to get on Shore one or two afternoons - the Third Mate was always my companion on Sundays - On Our second Sunday on Shore - Through the kindness of Our Sailor - who was doing some work for us - we were introduced to a couple of young gentlemen - merchants - two as handsome looking and ^{as appearing} fine young men as I ever met - They were to show us the principle novelties and attractions of the place - At about 4 O'clock P.M. we all started on foot and traveling towards the suburbs ~~and~~ soon struck into a fine street very wide and clean - with two rows of nice shade trees on each side - forming a cool and pleasant walk or promenade - upon each side of the Road were large fine looking Residences - which belonged principally to the Wealthy Merchants - and higher classes of Society - after following this road a quarter of a mile or more the Road began to wind around and up the sides of a large long high hill or mountain - forming the back ground of the City - The buildings as we gradually ascended soon grew few and scattering - and soon ceased altogether - But the road lost none of its beauty - It was a well laid out nice gravelled road - perfectly smooth and even - with large flag stones running across it at regular intervals - to keep the rains from gulging it out - while the sides were protected by nice slabs of granite - and shaded so closely with trees that the rays of the sun seldom penetrated through its foliage - The hill was very steep and precipitous - and as we slowly wound our way toward its Summit - we could look - as it seemed - almost directly down for more than a thousand ^{feet} into the vale below - which was a narrow gorge - running back between to Mountains - one of which we were on - it was thickly studded with houses - and running along the hill sides were numerous Vineyards of Grape - and fruit gardens of all descriptions - It was a very beautiful view - picturesque in the extreme - We toiled up the hill side - and at quarter past five - arrived at the farthest extremity of the hill - Here we found a large fine Hotel - with a large cool shady Beer Garden attached to it - There we were glad to seat

80 ourselves at one of the Tables and refresh ourselves with a pot of Lager Beer -

There we had a fine view of the Back country - as also a view of the open sea - and it looked directly down on a quiet little Bay that makes back inland on the south side of the city - It was a very cool and pleasant place and commanded a view of all the surrounding country - It is a favorite resort in summer of the city people - to get an airing in the country - After we had drunk our Beer and smoked a cigar - we commenced our return to the City - and found it much easier going down, than clambering up - The road was full of people going and coming from the Hotel and Beer Garden - We were soon at, or near the foot of the hill - and turning off a little to the right we were soon in another Beer Garden - where a fine Brass Band were entertaining their guests with music - After having another pot of Beer - we went down into the central portion, to a Public Square - of considerable size and beauty - and crowded to overflowing with people - of the first quality in the City - It was the promenade ground for the Aristocracy and Elite of the City - We saw many finely dressed ladies, who no doubt considered themselves very handsome - and perhaps bells - but taken together I think them the plainest looking set of females I have ever seen - There were not many of them positively homely - and a large portion of them good looking - but I did not see a handsome female through the the whole extent of our travels - They may tell about their Italian Beauties - their Spanish girls and Southern Creoles - The English women and French Madamells - but for beauty of feature - form - and freshness - a down East girl is far ahead to them all - At about 8 P.M. we bid them good night and went on board much pleased with our afternoon's ramble - There are many other fine promenades which we saw afterwards in different parts of the City - In fact no City that I have yet beenⁱⁿ, has so many pleasure grounds as Trieste - The people here - especially the females spend a great deal of their time in out door recreation - I think it would be hard work to find many ladies in the house on Sunday - Bathing here - is much practiced by both male and female - There are no less than three large Bathing houses which are built on the water - and moored

off from the shore - some dozen rods or more - which will accommodate fifty persons each
 at a time - they are very tastely and gaudely decorated - fitted up with a Bar and refreshment
 rooms - Boats all cushioned with colored velvet - with a white awning over them - and decor-
 ated with flags - are continually plying between these Houses and the Shore - giving
 the Harbour a lively appearance - On our last Sunday on Shore - Our two friends who had accompanied
 us on a former occasion - and who seemed quite pleased with us - and were also much so with them again met
 us on the Key - as soon as we landed from our Boat - We knew them as Henriek & Guiseppe - Henriek
 could speak very ~~acceptable~~ good English having had a teacher - and taken two or three terms in the
 language - Guiseppe could speak not a word of English - when we first made his acquaintance - but he
 was so intelligent that he made the most rapid progress - and could understand, and speak many words
 far greater advancement than we made in German - After rambling about all the afternoon - we went
 into a large Beer Garden to rest ourselves and get some refreshment - After being seated but a short
 time a young Maiden - The prettiest one I have seen since leaving home - came to our stall - and
 preaching out a sheet of music which had several pieces of Copper coin on it, wished us to give
 a trifle for the music - We had heard no music - but she was so sweet a looking girl, that we put
 in a six Kruder piece each - and she went to another stall to test their liberality - In a few minutes
 we saw her accompanied by three other performers - two ladies and a gentleman - leaving the
 garden by one of its gate ways - and hailed them to come and play us a tune - They came to
 our stall - and commenced playing - one of the Ladies on a Harp - another lady with the
 gentlemen playing on a Violon - and our old acquaintance (the pretty girl) on a Guter - They
 played finely together, and it seemed to me the sweetest music I ever heard - We kept them
 playing for us - for about two hours - paying them liberally from our own pockets - The young girl
 was so pleased with our liberality - and knowing that we were Americans - she gave me a small
 parcel of music - which she said I could take with me to America - We bade our friends

good night and at half past nine - we were on board our ship - well pleased with our day's adventure - Our Cargo was all discharged by the 14th - and on Sunday morning at early dawn both watch^{es} were called - The Anchor hove - and at sunrise we were slowly moving out of the Harbour in Ballast Bound for New Orleans - with one Cabin passenger on board - Then commenced our life at sea again - We sailed along the Eastern Coast of Italy - beating off and on from the land - and passed through the Straits of Otranto into the Mediterranean on the night of the 24th - On the morning of the 25th just before seven Bells - while the ~~the~~ aboard watch were washing down decks - we all startled with the cry of (Man Overboard -) The Captain was on deck at the time - and ordering the main yard to be laid aback run the Ship up in the wind - backed all the sails - and she soon began to fall astern - the Ship was moving through the water at the time at about six knots - and was some time before sternway could be got on her - The sea was smooth and we could see the man astern swimming for life for the ship - The vessel made some leeway - but after about half an hour's time the man got alongside, ~~the ship~~ and was hauled on board the Ship pretty well tired out - and frightened nearly to death - I was a young fellow of nineteen belonging to Portsmouth N.H.

N.H. - Saturday Aug 28th We made the Island of Sicily in the vicinity of the inland City of Noto, which lays in from the Coast about 4 miles, and which could be seen quite distinctly - I now began to feel anxious about getting home - it being a little more than fifteen months since I left - it - and time seems to drag very slowly away - more so than at any other time I have yet seen - probably from the fact that I intend leaving in New Orleans - and going home again - and though New Orleans is a long way from home - it seems near - compared with a foreign Port - I have not heard any intelligence from home since leaving Liverpool, which seems almost an age - and the many changes that take place in a space of two or three months ^{at home} might be very interesting to me - and I long to be in the field of my nativity and

see old friends - and bid a farewell to the sea - and commence anew a life on shore -
 My thoughts about home I have committed to Poetry - and set it to music which I will
 now transcribe.

Home Again Respectfully Dedicated To Friends At Home

For months long months, so dreary, On the oceans briny foam; I have wandered lone and
 weary, Far away from friends and home; But my journey is nigh
 over, And while Autumn's on the wane, I shall cease to be a rover - For I'm
CHORUS
 coming home again.

For our ship is homeward
 bound, She is speeding toward the main; And I'm
 coming, coming, coming, yes! I'm coming home again.

2^d Vers 3^d Vers

I have seen lands famed in story,
 For their soft blue sunny skies,
 Where cold winds never tarry
 Nor the verdure never dies;
 Still my native land is dearest
 With its winter's snow and rain,
 Than climes most blest and fairest
 And I'm come by home again:
 Chorus

When evening twilight's flighter,
 As the daylight fades away,
 And the tiny stars to glitter
 Then the breezes seem to say;
 Through the rising, gently humming
 In whispers soft and plain,
 He is coming, coming, coming,
 Yes! He is coming home - again;
 Chorus

At Sea Sept 20th

We are now off abreast, at about ten miles distant from the Island of Palma, one of the Canary Group - which we made yesterday morning at sunrise - As some incidents - and occurrences have taken place since my last date - I shall have to refer back to Aug 28th in order not to break the thread of my narrative - The 29th we took a head wind - and were rocking on and off the coast of Africa until Friday the 3^d of Sept - when the gales were squared to a fair wind - on Wednesday morning the 1st Sept - we found ourselves in the Bay of Tunis - Although the atmosphere wore a hazy appearance - we caught a view of Cape Carthage - where is still to be seen scattering ruins of that once famous city - which was for so long the rival of Rome - and which Hannibal defended with such indomitable courage and valor for the space of ten years - against all the combined efforts of ^{the} Roman ^{Empire}. The next Tuesday after we got our fair wind, at about two o'clock in the afternoon we met an English Brig - on the other tack - with a load of coal bound to Malta - about half an hour before we came up with her, we noticed a small boat leaving the Brig and making toward our Ship - The Capt hauled the Ship up a point or two - supposing that the Brig was in distress - and were sending a boat for provisions or - water, - he ordered a rope to be ready to throw to them when the boat should

get alongside the ship - which was but a short time
- After they had got hold of the rope - The officer of the
Boat who was mate of the Brig. asked the Capt if
he could spare them a little Tobacco - They Capt
told them there was none on board, which gave
them much disappointment - They seemed loth
to go away from the Ship - for all foreigners think
that American Vells carry a Tobacco Plantation
on board - and as a natural consequence must
have plenty of the weed - They stated that they were
seventy six days from Swansea - Eng - About this time
a Bark hove in sight as far as could be seen to
windward - which they discovered - and dropping astern
began to make for the distant sail - in hopes of meeting
with better success - So strong is the habit of using
Tobacco - among all seafaring men - that to be without
it - is considered a great calamity - rather than
go without it they will pay any price - or go to any
trouble to procure it - In going from Liverpool to
Trieste - we got out of the Article - and Tea leaves - and shaving
and such things were in requisition among the sailors - if
I had have had a stock on hand I could have

made a small fortune - one of the sailors gave me twenty five cts in money for a single Chew - for a small peice you could buy any article of clothing from a Coat down to a pocket fluff - or anything they had would be freely given - On Friday Sept 10th we were just about half way between The Rock of Giber alter and Cueta the key to the Mediterranean - Here though a number of miles from the Rock the Fortifications were seen distinctly - These are considered the strangest in the world - As is the Custom on all vessels passing through these Straits, the Ensign was set - and kept at the Mizzen peak untill we were fairly through - which was at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 O'clock A.M. - As we neared the gut in the morning the wind began to increase - as the passage became narrower - till we were in the middle of the Straits where it blew almost a hurricane - As we gradually drew near the Atlantic side - it gently died away to a light breeze - but not untill we had stemmed the strong current that constantly sets into the Mediterranean - and were ~~some~~ ^{some} ten miles into the Western Ocean - We lost sight

of the African Coast at about 2 O.C. P.M. and the Ship was kept South West by West. Saturday the 11th one of the sailors in the Second Mates watch discovered a school of fish playing around the Bow, and getting his line he caught twelve nice large fish, looking something like mackerel - and weighing about four pounds each after they were dressed - They made two good meals - fore and aft - and broke our fast on salt junk - with a good relish - On the sixteenth, ~~the~~ wind began to haul from one point of the compass to another - one minute being aft, and perhaps the next - the sails would be all aback - then coming round on the port side - and the yards would hardly be braced up - before it would be on the Starboard side - which lasted until the 18th when we took the N.E. Trades - of which such a continual veering of the wind is most always a sure indication of - Saturday the eighteenth we made the Canary Islands - after which the Trades set in in good earnest - On the seventeenth we killed one of our pigs which we got in Kingston, and had kept on board ever since - It weighed - perhaps - one hundred and twenty five pounds - it was split into in the middle - and one half given to the sailors - and the other reserved for aft - We had plenty of potatoes and Onions on board - with which we managed to live in quite shore style for a day or two - On Sunday the 19th we regaled ourselves on a fine water Mellon - Which the Shoemaker had made us a present of the night before we left Trieste - and which we had kept up to this time -

While off the Canaries - we saw on the morning of the 20th a comet in the North East - but we did not see it again until we were about in the middle of the Atlantic - when it was observed - again almost directly overhead - very large and brilliant - with a long broad tail streaming behind it many ~~degrees~~ in length - and which cast on the surface of the water almost as brilliant a reflection as the rays of the moon - we watched it many an evening - and wondering what the News Paper were saying about it at home - its course seemed to be about from East to west - with a motion from North to South - We had quite moderate winds - but very pleasant weather - and nothing transpired on board of any particular importance - perhaps with the exception of the Capt. giving the cook a shaking - one morning for not taking proper care of the Beef - Friday the 15th of October we made Abaco light a sight 12 o'clock in the evening - when it came on to blow very fresh from the N.E. - and passing this Light - at 10 o'clock - we made the Isaac's light at eight next morning - This forenoon - the Mate was at work forward with the Sailors - when one of them - who went by the name of Jack - was rather saucy to the Mate - when the Mate seized a battin and gave him a good welting - the rest of the Sailors - interfered - and there came very near being a general row among all hands - but the Capt going forward quiet was soon restored - but not

before Jack told the mate that he should pay for it
in New Orleans - The wind continued fair and strong
- and on the afternoon of the 19th we made Pass a Loutre
the same Pass I had entered nearly a year before - The
Tow Boat Junus Bebee came out and took us in
over the Bar where we lay at anchor untill 8
O. C. the next morning - when the same Boat took
us in tow for the City - where we arrived at 1/2 past
12 O. C. at night - we were all sorry to hear that
the yellow fever was raging so fatally, but we could
not help it - so our only course was to guard against
it as much as possible - we were fortunate to be
placed in the most healthy locality on the Levee -
which was at Post no - 47 - Lower Shipping - the
sickness being mostly in the upper district -
I thought it would be policy in me to take the
first opportunity that offered to come home
so hearing that the Ship Andover wanted a
Steward I went down to the Shipping - to see if
I could obtain it - Bugle the Shipping Master
sent me to the Captain - who thought I would
suit him - and I agreed to go on board the next
Tuesday morning - which was the 26th I kept in
my old situation untill the morning of the 25th
- after breakfast was over - I settled up with Captain
Orr and packed up my baggage - all ready for
a start - The rest of the day was spent mostly

up town with a friend - Jacob Emmons of Bath an
old acquaintance, who is a clerk in Baxter & Lovell's Bro-
kerage Office - I went up to His Boarding House and
dined with him - and passed a very agreeable afternoon
in discussing old times - and smoking Havanna's - I
staid on Board the Old Ship that night - and after break-
fast next morning - took my Dunage on Shore - and bid
adieu to the N. Larrabee forever - the Ship in which I
had sailed many a thousand mile of blue water in - marked
by many long months and days - filled with many pleasant
premises - as also some disagreeable re~~te~~ollections - all
of which enated from one particular Source - The
Second Mate - He was Capt Orr's Brother in Law - or He
would never have got the situation - It was generally considered
by those best acquainted with Him - that He had not
quite so much wit as generally belongs to the common
class of Men - I must say that He was one of the most dis-
piseable - mean - dirty - nasty - uncouth - imannerly - ignorant beings
that ever existed among Men - I have been on the same Ship
with him for about Eighteen months - and I can truly say
that I never saw him perform a generous action - nor either
did I ever see one virtuous trait in His Character - but ma-
ny vicious ones - He is always trying to create a disturbance
with every one in his reach - It has been nearly a
year since we have spoken together - But as I had
given him a pre-experimental and satisfactory exhibition
that I was too much of the marlo for him - He kept his

distance - and did not meddle with me only behing my back
in so mean, and contemptible a manner that I took no
notice of it - When we were in New O. last winter the Capt
told Him to take His things out of the Ship and leave - but
He coaxed the Capt to let Him remain - as He did not want
to have the disgrace of turning Him out. He let him stay -
This time in N. O. He had @ narrow run for it - The Capt
Mate - 3^d Mate and all the Sailors were down on Him -
and hated him as bad as any one could be - The Capt
done so because he was always in trouble himself - and kept
every one on board so - fore and aft - The Mate detested Him
for His mettiness - Self Conceitedness - and want of Seamanship
- And the Sailors because His deportment was so disagreeable
to them - When they came on board to settle - after getting
paid off - one of the Sailors was coming out of the
Cabbie - and Work was sitting in the door smooking an
Old Black Clay Pipe - when the sailor - the smallest one
on board - and almost a boy - pitched into him - I look-
ed out and saw Work's Pipe in two peices coming in at
the door - and he with his Hat under His arm making for
his room - the Sailor followed Him right in and
he was looking like a great Calf - when the Capt came
and interfered - and saved Him from getting awfully
pounded - for all the Sailors was intent on having a
whack at Him - and were prevented only by the respec-
-t - which they held for the Capt - He did not dare to
go on Shore - and had not been out of the Ship when
I came away - The Capt. Knocked him off duty - and

settled up with Him - and in my hearing at
two different times ordered him to leave the ship
and day after day kept continually scolding him - but
it was of no use he could not be got out without
being kicked out - and He cried and took on so about
it - that the Capt. from fear of disgrace let him stay -
But bidding good Bye ~~to the~~ W. Larabee - and all
on board we will jump on to a Sloop with my
Chest and Bedding and go up to the Andover
Here I found everything far different from - My Old Ship
She is an Old Ship of about six hundred tons - with
a large spacious Cabin fitted very nicely - expressly for
Passengers - though we have none this time - I got
Our Stores all arranged - and an account taken of
the Ship's Linen - an Silver ware - and Our Cargo
consisting of Molasses - Sugar - Tobacco - & Rags - being
all stowed - we left N.O. Saturday Evening Oct³⁰
in a tow with two Ships - two Barks - & a Brig - it came
on to blow very fresh up the river - and we made
slow progress - the next forenoon the Steam Boat was
obliged to drop us - about half way down to the Balize
where we lay untill twelve at night - when she came
back and started with us again - next morning at
eight A.M. we passed over the Bar at S. M. Pass - I'm going

over the Ship rubbed pretty heavy on her Bottom - and we supposed that no damage was done - We were on the Starboard Tack - and she was pumped out at eight bells & nothing was noticed until next morning - when the Vessel was put on the Larboard Tack - it was soon noticed that she made water very fast - having to keep the pumps going nearly all the time - after a leak was suspected - they tried to discover it - and soon ascertained that it was nearly amidships on the Port-side but a streak or two under water - caused by straining in passing over the Bar - The Capt thought it would not be good policy to proceed to New York - in that condition - but to run for the nearest convenient Port - which was Key West where we arrived Saturday evening Nov 6th and hauled alongside the Wharf next morning - Help was immediately engaged to commence early next morning - to cork the Ships side a Port - at a streak above and below water. Tackles were got out and a purchase rigged from the main Topmast Head - to the wharf - and the Ship heeled over to Starboard - which brought the Port side out of the water - next morning early the corks commenced work - but a strong north Easterly gale set in at noon - with torrents of rain - which delayed the work till early next morning. Considerable trouble was had here with the Sailors - whom the Capt for fear that they might run away - ordered all to stay on board - but they would not obey orders - and Monday noon one went on shore and did not come back again - The Capt then got a Police Officer to stay by the Ship - and arrest any one who attempted to leave the Ship

and take them to jail - They all attempted to go on shore
Monday evening - but ~~finding~~ the Policeman gave them their
choice - to stay on board - or go to jail - and they chose the
former - Tuesday forenoon the Capt sent me on shore wi-
th the City Marshall - to hunt for the missing man - but He
was stowed snugly away somewhere - and after visiting all the
Boarding Houses - and other places of resort - we gave it up as
He would not be likely to show Himself untill after the Vessel
left - The Corking was finished before noon - and at twelve
O.C. The Pilot came on board - The Ship was hauled off
from the wharf into the Stream - sail set - and at 2, O.C.
- P.M. the Pilot left us - to once more try Our luck - for our port
of destination - Key West is a Naval Station in the Gulf - and
has a good Capacious Harbor - though difficult to navigate - The
Government have a very large Fort here - nearly completed -
which commands the Harbor - There is not much shipping
comes here - but a few small craft - The principle business of
the place is reeking - A small Government Steamer was
in Port - called the Dispatch - ~~and~~ The Ship Pelican State of
^{Bath} was laying in Port - having run aground on some of the Keys
and put in there for repairs - The City itself is rather a small
affair - There being - but few houses - and small ones at that -
Its population is said to be about three thousand - On
going with the City Marshall to look for
the runaway sailor I had a very good
chance to see the place - but I saw

nothing of interest worth mentioning
There were plenty of Coconuts growing
and many other Tropical fruits -

Our Second Mate - Shiped in New Orleans - had but just come from the Hospital - two days previous to our leaving New Orleans - where he had been confined with Yellow Fever - and two days after leaving the Balize He was taken with a relapse of the disease and we were obliged to leave him at the Hospital in Key West & take one of the Sailors before the mast - to fill his place - After leaving the last named Port - the Capt made for the Gulf Stream - as is always done by Northern bound Vessels - The Wind was strong and steady from the North - and with a head wind we got along very slowly - We had a great deal of thunder and lightning - and much rainy disagreeable - rough unpleasant weather The Capt who was said to be a very kind and pleasant man - generally - did not on this voyage - sustain his former good reputation - but seemed to try all in his power to make every one on board the Ship as unhappy as possible - and I guess he was pretty

generally successful - He was continually finding fault with the Mate - and the Mate was continually growling at the Men - and the Men was growling at the Mate - The Cook took up on the Men's side - and one night while the Mate was jawing one of the Sailors - the Cook came out of his room and he and the Mate - had an awful rum-pus on Deck - but did not come to blows -

Next morning the Mate got the Hatchet and went along to the Cook's Gally - and stumped the Cook out to fight him - I should ^{would} it have resulted is uncertain - as the Capt happened to come on deck at that moment and seeing how affairs were coming on called them both aft on to the Poop - gave them a good schooling - and then sent them about their several duties - with strong admonitions to mind their own business in future -

Capt Berry was a good Navigator - but of a very quick - nervous temperament - always active - and looked out sharp as to the Ship's sailing - not seemingly wishing to trust any Officer a single watch - but always up once or twice - to see that all was as it should be - He was always blustering round and no one -

could be idle - a single moment while
He was on deck - He would tell them to
do this - and that - and so many things all
to once - that no one could do anything
His ways were often quite amusing - He would
say (Mr Dean) the Mate) - I am going below now - and
if the wind hauls round a point more to westward
give me a call at four bells - Take that Hauser - below
and coil it up loose so that that the air will
circulate freely through it - Be sure and give
me a call at four bells - (Exit Capt) - In half an
hour He would come on deck again - with
Mr Dean coil that Rope up loose so that the
air will circulate freely - through it (To the
man at the Wheel) how is she heading now -
(East $\frac{1}{2}$ North Sir) - Mr Dean why hadent you
called me - put her about - come hurry up -
- and then such a bellowing and hurraing as
would be made is seldom heard in putting
a Ship about - But as He was very anxious
to get to New York - to see a son which His wife
had presented Him in his absence - we will
try and overlook many of His failings on
that account - Sunday the 21st - we were
off Cape Hatteras - ~~and~~ we took a N N. gale - which
was the first ^{fair wind} we had - had since leaving

Key West in which the Ship would lay her
course - for the only fair wind we had had
thus far - was a (calm) when in Lat 32 - The
wind blew a regular hurricane - with torrents of
rain - and untill the next Tuesday morning it was
rough - and unpleasant enough - at about 9 O.C.
A.M. we made the Jersey Shore - where we saw three sm-
all vessels ashore - that had been driven there during
the storm - at about 1 O.C. P.M. we took a Pilot on
board - and shortly after made fast to the Tow Boat
H. Haden - which took us up inside of Sandy Hook
and at half past 6 P.M. we dropped anchor - off abreast
of Castle Garden - and next morning were towed into
our berth at pier No 46 East River. I was obliged
to stay by the Ship untill the next day - to deliver some
freight and damage - that was in my care - In the
Evening I took a stroll up into the City alone (it being
the first time I was ever in New York) I found
my way up as far as the Bowery Theatre - and back
to the Ship again - without making a single enquiry -
The next fore noon at 11 O.C. having settled with
Capt. Berry - I gave up my Stewardship and took
my Damage to the Station of the New York
and Stonington Steam Boats - As the Boat did
not leave untill 4 O.C. P.M. I had some two or
three hours to look around the City -

I took a walk to Castle Garden - and then a turn up Broadway - as far as the City Square - where I had the pleasure of seeing the 7th Regiment - in full dress - on parade - in celebration of the Evacuation of the British from the city - and which is annually celebrated - and known as Evacuation day - H. O. O. found me at the station - on board the elegant and commodious Steamer Plymouth Rock - Soon the Bell sounded its last warning - and her fasts being cast adrift - we started in company with five other large Boats - among them the Bay State - all bound down the Sound - We passed through the Eastern passage - among the numerous Islands that find a bed in mid channel giving the entrance a very lovely appearance and at dark we were passed the rapids - and steaming briskly down the Sound - At 7 P.M. at night we arrived at Stonington the terminus of the Steam Navigation and jumping on board the cars - we waited but a few moments before the cars were moving on their way for Boston - The night was dark - and we could get no view of the country as we passed along - We made but a few short stopages on the way - at Providence - and some of the principal places - and arrived in Boston at 5 P.M. A.M. - From the Depot we got a Hackman to take four of us to the Boston and Maine Railroad

Station - My Companions Were coming down
- one as far as Lewiston - and the other two
to Augusta. - They had no fire at the Depot when
we arrived - but in about half an hour in which
we nearly froze to death - we had a good warm fire to sit
by - The train did not leave untill $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 - which gave
us time to get a good warm Breakfast - which we all
stood much in need of - At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 - we took the
Cars - and after a tedious and tiresome ride arrived in
Brunswick - where I found many Old Friends awaiting
me to congratulate me on my safe arrival - I arrived
Friday Nov 29 - after an absence of one year - six months
and eight days

I O
S. M. S.

H. N. Haly

Valuable Receipts

Styptic

Take eight ounces of gum Benzoin - one ounce Pound of Alum - and ten pints of water - boil all together for the space of eight hours in an earthenware glazed vessel, frequently stirring the mass - and adding water sufficient to make up the original quantity of that lost by ebullition, adding the water gradually, so that the boiling may not be suspended - The liquid portion is then strained off - and preserved in well corked bottles - The practical advantages of this Styptic is very great - as by its timely application large and dangerous wounds may be immediately staunched - There is no common wound - but that a drop or two will stop its bleeding instantly

Oyster Soup

1 1/2 Gall milk - 12 Gal Water 1 1/2 Gal Oysters - Butter to season - perhaps one pound - Flour thickening - let it come to a boil before the oysters are put in - then when it comes to a boil the 2^d time it is done - it is then seasoned to taste

Hair Dye -

Gallie Acid 10 grains - Acetic Acid 1 Ounce - Tincture of Sesqui chloride of Iron - 1 ounce - To Prepare it

Dissolve the Gallic Acid in the Tincture - and then add the Acetic Acid - Wash the hair thoroughly in Soap Suds - if you wish a black apply when moist - if Brown apply when dry -

Hair Tonic

Cologne 2 ounces Liquid Hartshorne 1 Dram
Tincture Cantharides 2 drams - Oil Rosemary
12 drops - Oil Nutmeg 12 drops - Oil Lavender 12 drops
This is one of the best articles for the hair ever used.

Recipe For Hair Dye

No 1. Dissolve one ounce Gallic Acid in six ounces of 95 per cent Alcohol - Then add one Lt clear soft water. it is then fit for use - or Bottling -

No 2. Dissolve one ounce crystallised Nitric Silver in two ounces pure soft water. then add $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce of Gum Arabic - then add one ounce concentrated Ammonia - then cork and shake - raising the cork three or four times while shaking it is then fit for use or bottling.

For a Brown

Dissolve one ounce of Sulphate Potassium in 8 ounces water - apply this with a clean comb after the black is well put on

B. Farrah

- 1 Ounce Nitrate Silver Crystallized
 - 2 Ounces of Ammonia
 - half pint Rain Water.
-

Indelible Ink

- 1 lb Lithographic Varnish
- ~~1/2~~ 1/2 Ethiope mineral
- 2 Oz Sulphate Iron
- 2 Lamp Black

To be thinned with spr Turpentine

To be got of W. B. Dormal
No 3 Spring Lane